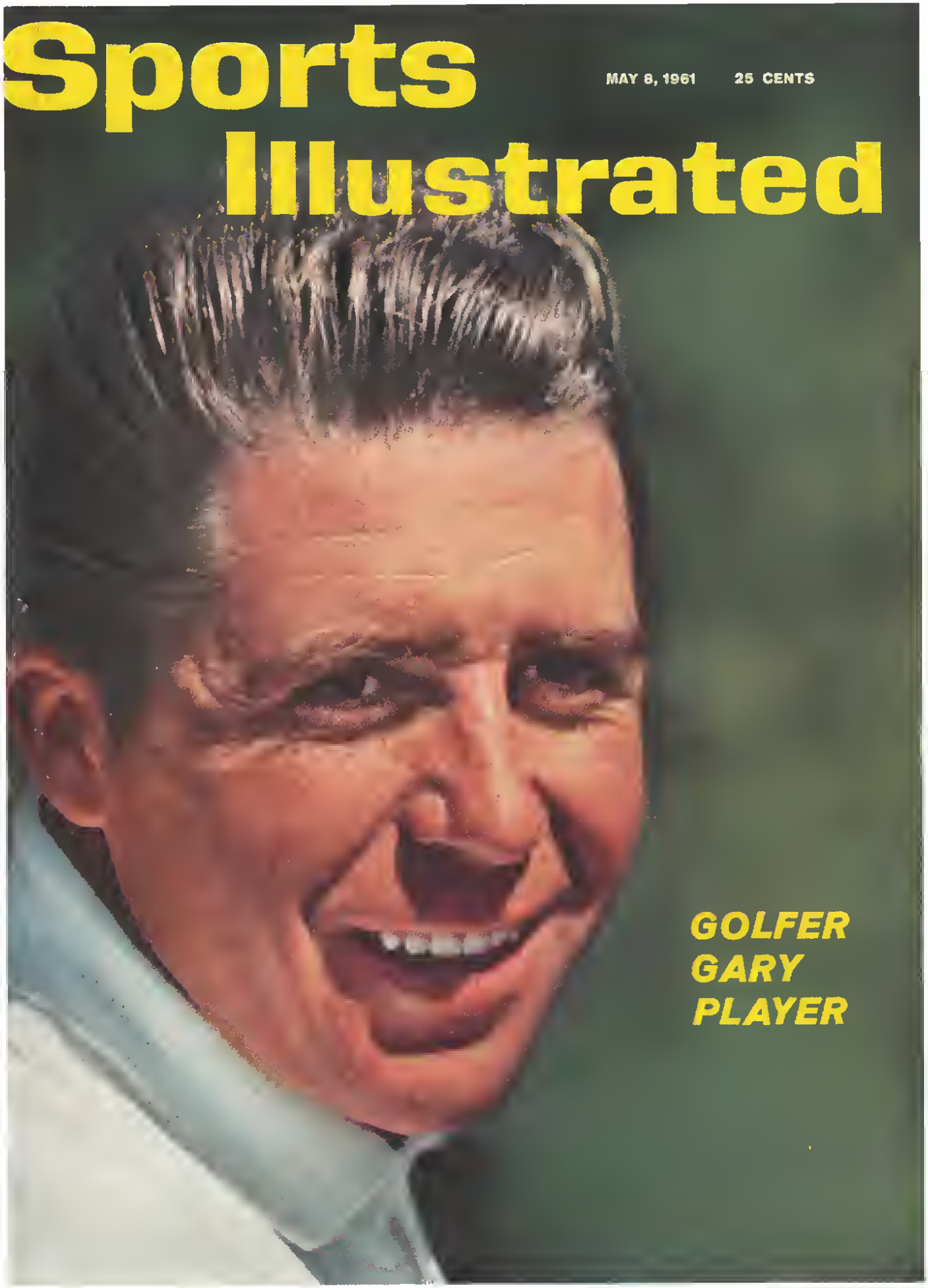
Sports Illustrated

MAY 8, 1961 25 CENTS



GOLFER GARY PLAYER



Hospitality began with White Horse [of course]

Two centuries ago, important travelers favored Edinburgh's White Horse Cellar, famous coaching Inn. The great Scotch they enjoyed there is ever more prominent at distinguished gatherings today. To assure you of perfection, every bottle of White Horse is numbered and registered at our distilleries, thus—AB 147603. Serve White Horse, the greatest Scotch in history!



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BLENDED, 86.8 PROOF SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC. N.Y.C.

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business

May 8, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

For Driving Executives

You may remember that our issues of January 30, February 13, and February 27 carried what we called our "Safe Driving" series—in which 3 world-renowned drivers told how their secrets of good car-handling on the raceway could be applied by the rest of us millions of drivers on the highway.



Reaction to the series was immediate, widespread, and laudatory, from oil companies, auto manufacturers, auto accessory makers, as well as State Governors and Highway Commissioners—so much so that we have now reprinted the 3 articles together in this neat, 20-page book, "Good Driving."

One of our more enterprising young salesmen, Swift Lockard, called the attention of the book to one of his accounts, the Mennen Company—suggesting that a large sales force using automobiles to cover its territories might be interested in having the book; and the Sales Manager responded with an initial order for 125 copies.

Paul Foley of McCann-Erickson remarked in a recent speech that "an idea doesn't care who has it"—and so, in the hopes that Mr. Lockard won't mind, may I swipe his idea and offer to send you a copy of the book for your own interest and possibly to pass along to your own sales manager.

* * *

I hope you haven't been using these memos as a business barometer—but I hope you will also give me credit for having called to your attention statements from such unimpeachable authorities as Arno

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

Johnson, for many weeks now, on the topic that the economy has shucked its 1960 doldrums and is again on the move.

You don't have to take my word for it, but the word of any advertiser or agency man who applauded the talk of Dr. Morris Cohen, Associate Editor of *Fortune*, at the A.N.A.'s spring meeting in Washington—that the Callaway version of the business upturn has, by comparison, been pessimistic. Here is just part of what Dr. Cohen reported:

"What is important now is that business is heading upwards and that the rate of advance, despite many comments to the contrary, will be rapid and will carry into next year as well . . .

"Almost every sector of the economy will be participating in this business upswing: government outlays of all types are and will be rising; consumer spending will continue to advance from its recent temporarily depressed level; residential construction will be moving forward; the crucial business investment in new plant and equipment will begin to pick up certainly no later than by midyear and the extent of the rise, I am confident, will surprise almost everyone; and finally, businessmen right now are bringing their inventory cutbacks to a halt and by midyear will be building up stocks once again . . .

"From here on, inventory buying will provide a positive push to the economy and over the coming year this push could be dramatic. Production will be increasing and personal incomes will advance . . .

"As incomes start to rise with the business recovery so should the sale of new cars, and by the end of this year the selling rate should be approaching or even exceeding 7 million units . . . The 8 million-unit market for 1965 still seems a reasonable target."

* * *

More Accents on Youth



In the event that I haven't made myself clear on the point, we are extremely proud here that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has shown itself to be from start to finish a family magazine, one from which the entire household can derive fun and stimulation and reading enjoyment—either as a family unit, or individually.

A friend of mine said something the other day which hit me right here. "There's no man I would like to feel closer to," he said, "know more about, talk to more seriously, than my 16-year-old son."

If you have ever felt that way—and you're a rare bird if you haven't, or else you have a harem—you may have also felt the need of an occasion, a situation, an ice-breaker, that would help you overcome the normal conversational shyness that all too often exists between generations. And it may just be that by accident or by design, this magazine, about this subject, provides one of the ideal ways for a father and son to surmount that barrier of reticence.

Which may be why no magazine—repeat, no magazine—has a higher per-copy readership among males over 10 years old, and only 3 maga-

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 14, Number 18
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME, Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. except one issue at year end. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional Mailing Offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in National and Separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows.—Eastern, E1–E12, Southern, S1–S8, Western, W1–W8, Florida, S1–S8, E1–E12, Special, SP1–SP4.



Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

father Pepperell takes the family hunting for golden eggs

At the moment this picture was snapped, Vincent looks a little unsure of his footing. But Father has the situation well in hand. And he's reassuring everyone that if they don't find the golden eggs today, perhaps they will tomorrow.

But *civilized* beachcombing does require a good deal of planning. And that's why Mother wisely dresses everyone in sports clothes tagged Pepperell.

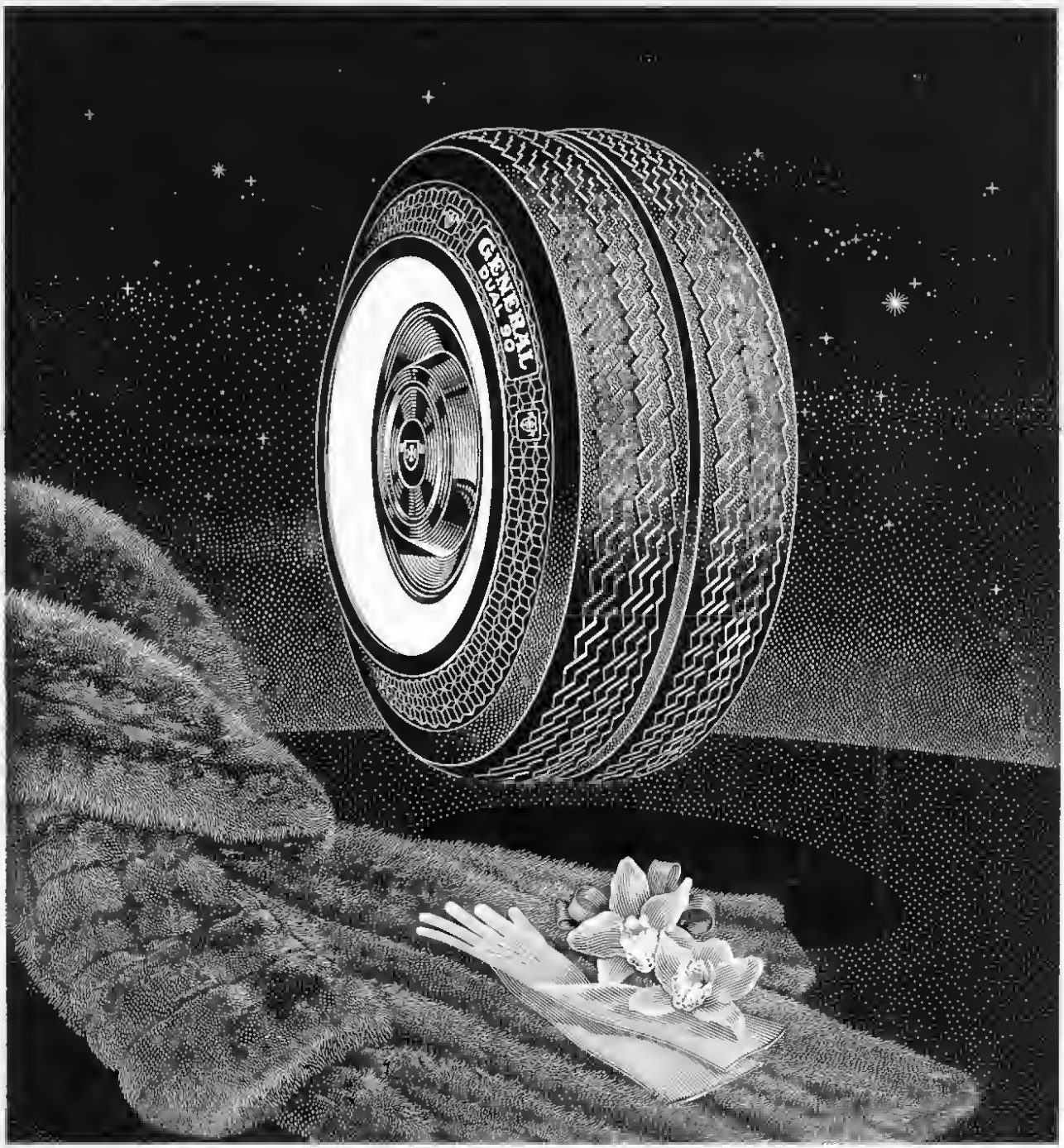
Her reasons are many. She knows these cottons



live up to what the tag promises. They will machine-wash. Won't fade, shrink, wrinkle. Need a mere touch of the iron. And are 'Sanforized Plus.'

She knows, too, the lush colors and textures have just the right amount of sophisticated spice.

Most important, she has utter *confidence* in these wash-wear fabrics. For don't they come from the famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years?



Sumptuous $40,000 sable coat exclusively by Revillon Freres, New York City and Paris

THE ONLY TIRE THAT GIVES YOU MORE THAN YOU EXPECT

THE GENERAL DUAL 90 gives you more of everything you want and need. Untroubled mileage . . . 25,000 • 35,000 50,000 miles. The peace of mind of complete safety, running and stopping, even on wet pavements and in fast traffic. Punctures are a thing of the past. The Dual 90 costs more because it's worth more. It is the one tire investment that no one has ever regretted.

THE GENERAL DUAL 90

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An English-style fox hunt brightens a California desert. Photographed in color by Mark Kauffman

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1-E12; southern, S1-S8; western, W1-W8, special, Sp1-Sp4; Florida, S1-S8 and E1-E12.

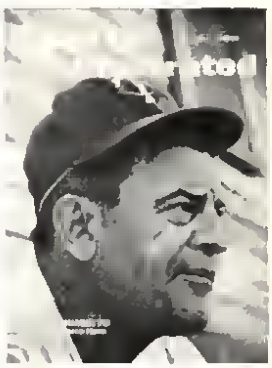
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Next week

Our traditional coverage of the Kentucky Derby includes an analysis of the 87th running of the classic by Whitney Tower and color photographs by Jerry Cooke and John Zimmerman.

"Don't call me honest!" snaps Jack Hurley, boxing's irascible professor. Jack Olsen doesn't do that—quite—but his two-part series shows that Hurley is badly smirched by integrity.

Walt Bingham visits Cookie Lavagetto, best remembered as the oddball Dodger whose pinch hit spoiled a Series no-hitter, now the affable manager of the Minnesota Twins





to send and receive loud and clear

Meet the modern walkie-talkie—Webcor's new *MICRO-350 TRANSCEIVER!* Transistorized down to 13 ounces, this palm-held transmitter-receiver is the sporting proposition of the year. Take it hunting, fishing, camping or farming. No license required; this is Citizens Band radio. No engineering degree required either. Webcor engineers refined it down to two simple controls—an Off-On-Volume control and a Push-to-Talk bar. Nine transistors give it more than a mile of thrust; its ten-section telescoping antenna pulls in the signals. The case is unbreakable. So is the price. $99.95, $189.95 the pair.

For free booklet, "Walkie-Talkie Goes Civilian", describing the many uses of Citizens Band radio, write Webcor, Inc., 5610 W. Bloomingdale, Chicago 39, Illinois.

Webcor RADIO

tape recorders, portable and console fonografs, radios, components

COMING EVENTS

May 5 to May 11
All times are E.D.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, May 5

HORSE RACING
Kentucky Oaks, $35,000, Churchill Downs, Ky

HORSE SHOW
Bridlespur show, St. Louis (through May 7).

SHOOTING
Canadian Open Skeet Champs., Montreal, Que (through May 7).

Saturday, May 6

BASEBALL
- Los Angeles Dodgers at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
- Washington at Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)

BOWLING
- ◉ Bowling Stars, Weber vs. Welu, 5 p.m. (NBC).

BOXING
- Giambra vs. Bahama, middles, 10 rds., New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).

FOOTBALL
- ◉ "Spring Football from Syracuse U. and Oklahoma U.," Wide World of Sports, 4 p.m. (ABC)

HORSE RACING
- ◉■ Carter Handicap, $50,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (Sports Network regional TV; NBC radio).*
- ◉■ Kentucky Derby, $125,000, Churchill Downs, Ky., 5 p.m. (CBS).

HORSE SHOW
Groton Hunt show, Groton, Mass.
Harrisburg show, Harrisburg, Pa.

HURT RACE MEETING
Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va.

MODERN PENTATHLON
Intl. Modern Pentathlon Meet, San Antonio (through May 10).

MOTOR SPORTS
NASCAR Grand Natl. division, $40,000, Darlington, S.C.

ROWING
Blackwell Cup (Columbia, Penn, Yale) New York.
Compton Cup (Dartmouth, Harvard, MIT, Princeton), Cambridge, Mass.
Goes Trophy (Cornell, Navy, Syracuse), Annapolis, Md.
Stanford, UCLA, USC at Los Angeles.

SOCCER
Football Association Cup Final, Wembley, England.

TENNIS
Southern California Sectional Champs., Los Angeles (through May 14).

Sunday, May 7

BASEBALL
- ◉ Detroit at Chicago White Sox, 2:25 p.m. (CBS)
- ◉ Los Angeles Dodgers at Pittsburgh, 2 p.m. (NBC)

DOG SHOW
Northeastern Indiana Kennel Club show, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Trenton Kennel Club show, Trenton, N.J.

GOLF
- ◉■ Tournament of Champions, final day, $40,000, Las Vegas, Nev. (NBC).*

Monday, May 8

HORSE RACING
The Youthful, $20,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Tuesday, May 9

BASEBALL
Baltimore at Minnesota.
San Francisco at Pittsburgh.

Wednesday, May 10

HORSE RACING
Idlewild Handicap, $25,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.
Premiere Handicap, $20,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

SHOOTING
Final tryouts, U.S. Intl. trap and skeet teams, Fort Benning, Ga. (through May 18).

Thursday, May 11

GOLF
Colonial National Invitational, $40,000, Fort Worth (through May 14).
LPGA Columbus Open, Columbus, Ga. (through May 14).

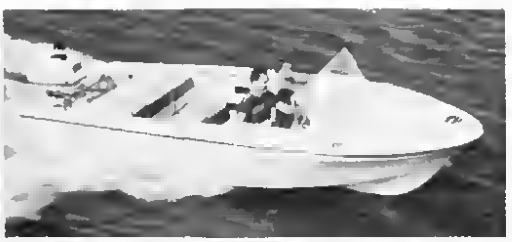
HARNESS RACING
The Good Time Pace, $65,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

*See local listing



A little ingenuity goes a long way! Outboarders are an ingenious lot, as witness this makeshift "breeches buoy" to transport cargo from cliff to boat. It's not standard equipment on the '61 Lone Stars – but almost everything else you need *is!* From stem to stern . . . from fishing boat to spacious cruiser . . . you have to see it to believe the value that's included in your Lone Star purchase price. Shop your dealer's showroom selection of Lone Star boats and matching trailers. Check the Yellow Page listings under "Boats."

17 ft. FLEETWOOD $1085-$1395 f o b Dash storage compartment, hatch, spring seating (CUSTOM model has interior paneling, fuel tank, aft storage, cigarette lighter).



Lone Star BOATS

GENERAL OFFICES BOX 218F PLANO, TEXAS WRITE FOR FREE 4-COLOR CATALOG OVER 2,000 AUTHORIZED DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND MEXICO . . PLANTS IN FLORIDA, INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA, TEXAS.

america's newest, europe's finest economy car

The new Renault Gordini

—christened after the famous French race car designer—has consistently outperformed every other economy car in major competitions from the Alps to Africa. The reasons for the Gordini's spectacular successes:
—A rugged rear-mounted engine that responds instantly and delivers up to 37 m.p.g.—A fast-shifting 4-speed transmission that precisely controls power delivery.—Sports-car-like steering and a superb independent 4-wheel suspension system that keeps the Gordini perfectly poised under the most challenging road conditions.
—A unitized body that reflects Renault's passion for strength and durability. Though the Renault Gordini performs like a sports car, it gives you the convenience of four doors, the luxury of deluxe appointments, the comfort of foam-padded reclining seats and the security of a strong Renault Warranty*. Your first trial run in the new Renault Gordini will convince you that there's never before been a car for $1596[1] that offers such high performance, comfort and economy.

[1]Suggested list price fully equipped P.O.E. East and Gulf Coasts



***Warranted for 12 months or 12,000 miles.**

RENAULT gordini Since 1898

For all information on overseas delivery, write Renault Box 158 Long Island City, New York.

The Renault Gordini's Competition History—proof of its ruggedness and spectacular performance: **Tour de Corse** 1958 1959 1960 1st Place / **Rallye Neige et Glace Grenoble**—January 1959 1st Place / **Ivory Coast Rallye Abidjan**—February 1959 1st and 2nd Place / **Mille Miglia Brescia**—May 1959, 1st 2nd and 3rd Place / **Senagal Rallye-Dakar**—June, 1960, Overall 1st and 2nd Place / **French Mobil Economy Run**—July, 1960, 1st Place (Compact (ten class up to 1000 cc)



LITTLE BROWN JUG® AND LITTLE BROWN CHEST®—what amazing new portability in their reduced weight and trim lines for 1961! Fishermen and other outdoors lovers will welcome these companion-styled, compact insulated containers. Far better at holding cold than anything else in their class. They're ultra light and ultra efficient because of new, exclusive, foam-light "Positemp" insulation. The jug is world's smallest insulated gallon container—weighs under 2½ pounds! Also popular—the "LITTLE BROWN CHILLYBIN" foamed-plastic ice chest. Under 6 pounds, holds up to 40 pounds of ice; can't corrode, mildew, absorb odors. Shoulder strap makes carrying easy. **PACK LIGHT-BUT-BRAWNY LITTLE BROWN JUGS AND CHESTS**

HEMP PLANT, MACOMB, ILLINOIS • THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, SUBSIDIARY OF KING-SEELEY THERMOS CO.

Tea at 4:00, Gordon's at 6:00... which English custom is older?



The Duchess of Bedford introduced afternoon tea to London in 1842. That was 73 years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula. It always will, for Gordon's sees no reason to tamper with a good thing. Particularly since no other gin has ever duplicated Gordon's distinctive dryness and flavour. Does all this make you wonder if Gordon's is the best-selling gin in the world? It is.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN 90 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.



CHIPPEWA SUBURBANS

like wearing slippers outdoors!

The boots for your leisure hours outdoors—Chippewa Suburbans. Feel soft and comfortable as slippers on your feet. Yet handcrafted into the handsome Suburban is the durability that's made "original" Chippewa Boots so respected.

Right model 4114. Similar model available for women. Left model, #4025, also available in RIPPLE® Sole. Models shown $14.95.



On sale wherever fine footwear is sold. Or write for name of dealer (plus free Boot Care Booklet.)

®

"original" CHIPPEWA

the sportsman's bootmaker

TM RIPPLE SOLE CORP.

Dept. E-505, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin



IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A STATUS SEEKER, AT LEAST BE A SNOB! read this...

Perhaps you don't eat out often, don't care for public recognition of your status in society... and therefore, can't associate yourself openly with Durkee's Famous Sauce.

Take heart! Dine in the cloistered sanctity of your own refectory with Durkee's Famous on the table. Does it matter no one else knows? *You* do!

No need to rush down to the corner grocery for a jar of Famous. Send your man.

The distinctively different sauce for cold turkey, fish, meats salads—and of course canapes



Zesty, Full-Bodied

DURKEE'S FAMOUS SAUCE

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Advertising Director: L. L. Callaway Jr.



AT HOME ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

The reason? Take another look at the Dan River Wash and Wear Sportswear! Clothes like these live out of a suitcase . . . *wrinkle-free!* What's more . . . they wash, dry and are ready to don again before you can say Zuider Zee. Credit and kudos go to Wrinkl-shed * by Dan River.

DAN RIVER WASH & WEAR COTTONS

All fabrics designed and woven in the U S A by Dan River Mills, Incorporated, Danville, Virginia *Registered Trademark for Dan River Mills' Wrinkle Resistant Cottons

PHOTOGRAPHED AT ALKMAAR MART, HOLLAND, BY HOWELL CONANT FLY SABENA BOEING JETS FOR YOUR "HOLIDAY ABROAD"®

ALL FABRICS MANUFACTURED IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN LABOR



Three exciting new Fiberglas reinforced boats on a recent pre-season test run

THIS YEAR, 3 OUT OF 5 ARE FIBERGLAS



People take to boating *because it's fun*. And this year, more of them are choosing boats built with Fiberglas* reinforcements, because these boats are *more fun and lots less work*. Strong, durable Fiberglas construction rides smooth, looks handsome . . . and it stays that way. Boat designers rely on it. You can, too. Fiberglas . . . the modern marine material, from Owens-Corning.

NORMAN OWENS, leading naval architect, designer for Owens Yacht Company, says, "Fiberglas is ideally suited to modern boat-building techniques. And we feel it gives boat owners top performance and value." Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., 717 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS

*T.M. (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) O.C.F. CORP.

SCORECARD

THE GUILTY MEN

Take a good look at the eight men in the column at right. They are the presidents (or chancellors) of the seven schools involved in the basketball scandals (*see page 20*) and the executive director of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. In our opinion, they and all other college presidents should share in the guilt for the corruption of the players who took bribes from gamblers to fix games.

The most shocking fact about the scandals is not that there are evil men who try to seduce college athletes, or that some of those athletes yield to temptation. It is that the college heads refuse to admit their own dereliction of duty and are trying to shift responsibility for the tragedy to others. "We don't intend to do anything different than in the past," says LaSalle's Brother Bernian, "because we don't think we did anything wrong." This seems to be the position all college administrations have taken since the scandals broke.

U.S. university presidents and the NCAA's Mr. Byers are ultimately responsible for the recruiting tactics which corrupt young athletes while they are still in high school. There has grown up on our campuses a double academic standard (one for athletes, one for other students) for which all the presidents share responsibility. These men deplore bribe-taking by their athletes at the same time that they themselves have yielded to the temptation of commercialized college athletics.

So long as college administrations believe they discharge their duties by expelling bribe takers and shedding a few tears before going back to business as usual, so long will there exist all the necessary ingredients for future scandals.

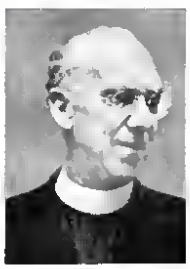
For his part, Mr. Byers says the scandals did not originate within college walls but are merely a reflection of the poor moral climate of our times. This statement is doubly outrageous. Policies which gave birth to the scandals *did* originate within college walls. As for the moral climate of our times—since when have college presidents not had the responsibility of trying to better it?



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Mississippi State



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Tennessee



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NCAA

EL MATADOR

Andres Gimeno, a big, ebullient puppy of a tennis player who earned the title of "world's second best" a few months back by beating Lew Hoad, Barry MacKay, Alex Olmedo and others in a lengthy round robin, has a problem. It's to dethrone the lean and still-hungry Pancho Gonzales, winner of the world's professional title six times in a row. As of last week in the playoff series, Pancho had won 10 matches to the Barcelona-born Gimeno's four with 15 yet to be played. Though his ground strokes are fluid and he assaults the net with spider-like grace, Gimeno (El Matador) has some handicaps—a second serve without much speed or spin (by pro standards), a backhand whose power has to come from a delicate wrist flick, and possibly too much good nature. Lately pro tennis panjandrum Jack Kramer has been pleading with Gimeno to change his backhand grip by an eighth of a turn and warning him not to get too chummy with Pancho. "Off the court," says Kramer, "Pancho's your buddy, giving you tennis tips and challenging you to pitch coins at a crack in the sidewalk. But on the court he's nobody's pal." A comic-book reader and jazz buff, Gimeno admits to being awed by the company he's keeping. "I like to forget about tennis off the court," he says. "I'm crazy for the *Late Late Show*." "He sleeps too much," says Kramer. "Too much sleep can murder you."

We saw Gimeno in action against Gonzales a few nights ago at a West Orange, N.J. skating rink. A green tarpaulin had been stretched over the ice, the icy undersurface slowing up the bounce of the balls (good for Andres), and light beamed dimly down from lamps high above (good for Pancho). Gonzales won his services by hitting the ball so fast and deceptively that Andres generally returned them high, allowing Gonzales, lurking at the net, to poke them out of reach. A confirmed racket twirler before serving, the 23-year-old Gimeno was impressive as a volleyer but twice failed to hold service. Pancho won the "pro set" 12–7.

continued

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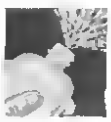


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"The smoke, the slippery court, the bad lights, they don't bother me," Gimeno said afterward. "Because I am used to playing indoors. But I think that they bother Pancho even less."

OF APPLES AND HONOR

It is gratifying to hear that Carmen Basilio, a few days after his painful loss to Paul Pender (SI, May 1), made up his mind to quit boxing and to devote himself, for the moment, to taking care of his apple trees. It was, no doubt, a hard decision: fighting was Carmen's craft, his fame, his livelihood. But he has reckoned right. Blows and years have unavoidably altered him in much the same way the sea changes the shoreline. He was, in his last fights, no longer the indomitable battler who had won the welter and middleweight championships. He was only game, honest and fearless. It was these qualities, in addition to his hardy skills, which always won the favor of the crowd. *But without skill,* he was only an object of pity. The drama became not whether Basilio would win but whether he would even survive.

When Louis B. Mayer reluctantly sold part of his racing stable some years ago, Humphrey Finney, the auctioneer, asked him whether he was satisfied. "Satisfied, yes," Mayer replied. "Pleased, no." *Nota bene,* Carmen.

APATHY AT THE GATE

Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, made a statement recently which startled us. "In the next few years," said Frick, "baseball is going to catch up with the times." We wonder, however, if the times and the people haven't already caught up with baseball.

Figures for the first three weeks of 1961, compared to figures for the first three weeks of 1960, reveal that National League attendance is off a staggering 30%, American League attendance (even with two new teams) has slipped 14%. Precisely 498,494 fewer people have attended games this season than had at the same time in 1960. (The statistics bring to mind the comment of Robert Sylvester of the New York *Daily News,* who once wrote, "Yesterday was such a beautiful day for baseball, I took the TV set out on the back porch.")

The men who run baseball suggest that bad weather alone is responsible for the loss of patronage, but we won't hold still for that explanation. With two

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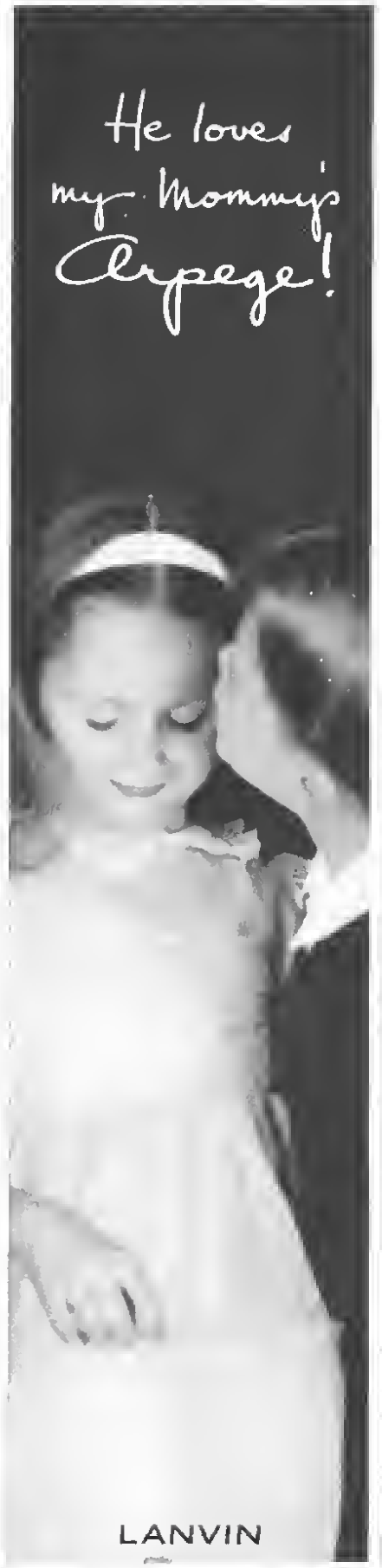
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SCORECARD *continued*

new franchises in the American League to help bolster attendance figures, the weather factor should be canceled out. The truth is that big business has taken baseball over too obviously—although not too competently. Baseball fans are a conservative and knowing lot, and they are showing their resentment of the dictatorship of the club owners, who care not if they cheapen the game in their frenzy to exploit it.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

• Jimmie Dykes, manager of the Cleveland Indians, on the dearth of good young players: "The automobile did it. Everybody wants to ride. Instead of walking, a 150-pound kid will get into a 300-horsepower car to take him two blocks to the drugstore for vitamin pills."

• Mrs. Alvin Dark, wife of the Giants' new manager, explaining why her husband doesn't help with the dishes: "He always said he couldn't let his hands get too soft to hold the bat."

• Eddie Curtis, the Baylor University high jumper, when being needled about competing against Boston University's John Thomas: "I just might change my name to Brumel and scare Thomas to death."

• Polly Riley, amateur golfer from Fort Worth, upon receiving a vegetable dish as low-finishing amateur in Dallas Civitan Open: "Maybe this will be a vegetable-dish year. Last year it was a chafing-dish year, and the year before it was a soup-tureen year."

• Johnny Sellers, currently America's top jockey, discussing his plans for the summer: "I was thinking of riding in New Jersey, but I'll take my tack to Chicago. Frankly, I'd like to end up as the top rider, and the competition isn't as tough there as it is in the East."

• Professional Golfer Doug Sanders, describing how it feels to be an opponent of Arnold Palmer in a tourney: "It's like riding a lion down the road, whipping him with a rattlesnake, while trying to get away from a mean guy behind you."

THE INTERNATIONAL SET

The American Broadcasting Company put on the first of its *World of Sports* television shows last Saturday. The creditable production of the Penn and Drake relays (Jim McKay was a good commentator—he was considerably less lurid than at the Masters golf tournament) will be followed by 19 telecasts to be shown over 140 stations until September 9. Saturday's show was live and on tape from both Philadelphia and Des Moines. But ABC plans to put international spice into Saturday afternoon's routine sports television.

McKay will call the play between Tottenham Hotspur and Leicester City in Saturday's British Soccer Cup final, which will be taped. Included in the tentative ABC schedule are: a U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. track meet in Moscow; the Japanese all-star baseball game from Nagoya, Japan; the British Open Golf Championship; a classic day of golf, showing the St. Andrews course; the Canada Cup matches from Puerto Rico; world championship professional tennis from Mexico City; segments of the Le Mans International Grand Prix sports car race, and assorted events originating in the United States, showing track and field, stock car racing, the Indianapolis time trials—even the Cheyenne rodeo. ABC plans to use additional commentators who are experts in their field, *i.e.*, Arnold Palmer on golf, Jack Kramer on tennis and Stirling Moss on auto racing.

American television has been making a good thing of sports financially for a long time, but has confined itself primarily to domestic events. Awareness of the potential in important foreign sports events is realistic and overdue. We wish ABC the best of luck and hope McKay will continue to allow the picture and play—not the announcer—to provide the excitement.

R.S.V.P.

Last year the best handicap horse in the world, the Australian runner Tulloch, was invited to compete in the colorful Laurel International. Tulloch's elderly owner, Edward Haley, however, declined, on the grounds that the 7-year-old should first establish an Australian record for money earned. Last Saturday at Cheltenham Race Course, Tulloch finished first in the Pullman Stakes and boosted his lifetime jackpot to £100,000 ($280,000); the earnings record is now his.

Tulloch is one of those few horses with character (he pulls himself up so quickly after a race that he nearly throws his jockey off his back) and true ability (he always carries top weight). Within the next few days Laurel Race Course will extend another invitation to Mr. Haley to have Tulloch compete at Laurel. We hope that Mr. Haley and Laurel's

continued



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If it's history you're after, past and present, *come to the nation's capital, Washington, D. C.*

For history, see the East

Bunker Hill and Old North Church in Boston, Independence Hall and Valley Forge in Philadelphia are ideal for colonial enthusiasts. And, of course, Washington, D.C., is filled with history from all periods. The Civil War Centennial begins this year and you can use Washington as headquarters for a visit to Civil War battlefields. A 4-day holiday in Washington costs as low as $30.50 (HAP3-3), plus tax and air fare. An added 3-day, all-expense tour of Williamsburg and colonial Virginia is only $85.

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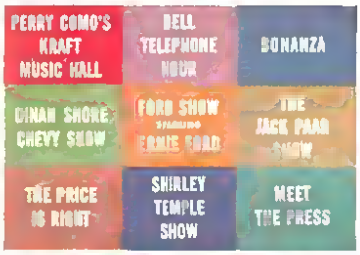


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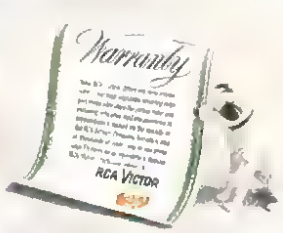
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SCOUTS ON THE MARCH

In the history of major league baseball only three hitters (Robert Lowe in 1894, Lou Gehrig in 1932 and Rocky Colavito in 1959) have hit four home runs in consecutive times at bat.

Recently, however, Mac Ogburn, a 5-foot-11 freshman catcher for Clemson College, did the major leagues one better. After hitting a homer, two triples and a single in the first half of a double-header against Georgia Tech in five times at bat, Ogburn went to the plate five times in the second game and hit five home runs. Clemson, quite naturally, won both games, 14–3 and 19–3, and Ogburn finished the day with 19 runs batted in, eight runs scored and 31 total bases. One can almost hear the heavy tread of major league scouts marching toward Clemson.

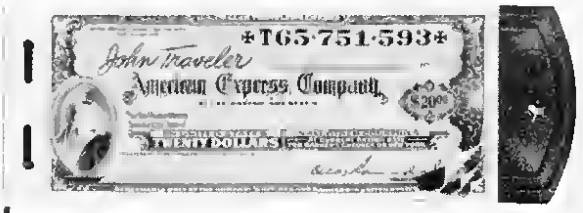
INSIDE TRACK

- Professional football teams playing in Dallas this year will have to find segregated quarters for their Negro players. The Texas Motel Association recently decided to accept only white athletes from now on.
- Australia's newest Davis Cup hope is 20-year-old Martin Mulligan, who is currently traveling with Neale Fraser, Rod Laver and Roy Emerson. Mulligan has good assortment of shots and is now getting needed experience.
- The Houston Classic golf tournament, which has quadrupled its prize money in 10 years to $40,000, is on the verge of closing a deal to build its own golf course to conduct a Masters-type invitation tourney in 1963.
- While most people think that Tom Barry, who trained Belmont Stakes winners Cavan (1958) and Celtic Ash (1960), is most interested in 3-year-old colt The Crogan for this year's Belmont, his best chance of winning is with unheralded horse named Gun Burst, who won his first start of 1961 at Garden State Park last week.
- Now that the American League has expanded from eight teams to 10, Gene Woodling, the AL's player representative, is seeking to have league regulations amended to have members on first five teams, instead of first four, share in World Series receipts.



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Sports Illustrated
MAY 8, 1961

Photograph by Neil Leifer

PORTRAIT OF A FIXER

Five weeks ago (SI, March 27) revelations of fixed college basketball games began to spread over the nation's front pages. At first, only four students from two colleges—Seton Hall and the University of Connecticut—were named by New York District Attorney Frank Hogan as having taken bribes. Last week Mr. Hogan's office listed as conspirators eight students from five other schools: Mississippi State, the universities of North Carolina and Tennessee, LaSalle and St. Joseph's colleges. Sadly, more are still to come. When the scandal broke, play for the national championship was reaching its final stages, and of the four teams that were to fight it out in Kansas City, one was St. Joseph's, which had not yet been mentioned in connection with the fixes. But Sports Illustrated was aware that three St. Joseph's players had accepted bribes. Accordingly, Basketball Editor Ray Cave spent several days in Philadelphia with the team, and traveled with it to Kansas City, where he watched it win third place in the tournament. He particularly observed one of the three players, a forward named Frank Majewski, because it was Majewski who had brought the other two into the conspiracy. Cave's report on Majewski, out of deference to the grand jury's inquiries, has been held up until now. What follows, then, is a unique sports story: a portrait of a fixer drawn at a time when he was still unexposed, but operating under the dual stress of national championship play and of the knowledge that an investigation was in progress that might bring his private world crashing down around his ears. Last week Frank Majewski's private world crashed.

by RAY CAVE

The St. Joseph's College basketball team, champion of the East and winner of 24 out of 28 games, was holding its final practice before leaving Philadelphia for the national championship tournament at Kansas City. Its members looked crisp and confident as they scrimmaged, with one marked exception —a round-shouldered, burly 6-foot-3 blond who was moving with the mechanical listlessness of a sleepwalker. "Everybody looks good but Majewski," said the Rev. Joseph M. Geib, faculty athletic moderator, as the practice ended. "I don't know where his mind is, but it certainly isn't here."

Frank Majewski's mind was in the New York district attorney's office. Only five days before, on March 17, D.A. Frank Hogan had disclosed a new basketball scandal. Two players from Seton Hall University had admitted taking bribes to shave points, players from other schools were being questioned, and as many as 20 colleges were said to be involved. That very Wednesday morning detectives had come to Philadelphia to pick up a La-Salle College player and take him to New York for questioning.

Now, with his team preparing to play Ohio State in the semifinals of the national championship—an athletic stature little St. Joseph's College had never achieved before—Majewski was surely wondering how close the bribery investigation was getting to him. For he knew he could be charged with:

- Accepting $2,750 to shave points in three St. Joseph's games.
- Successfully recruiting the two best St. Joseph's players, Captain Jack Egan and Center Vincent Kempton, to join in the game-fixing conspiracy.
- Causing his nationally ranked team to lose at least one game it could and should have won.

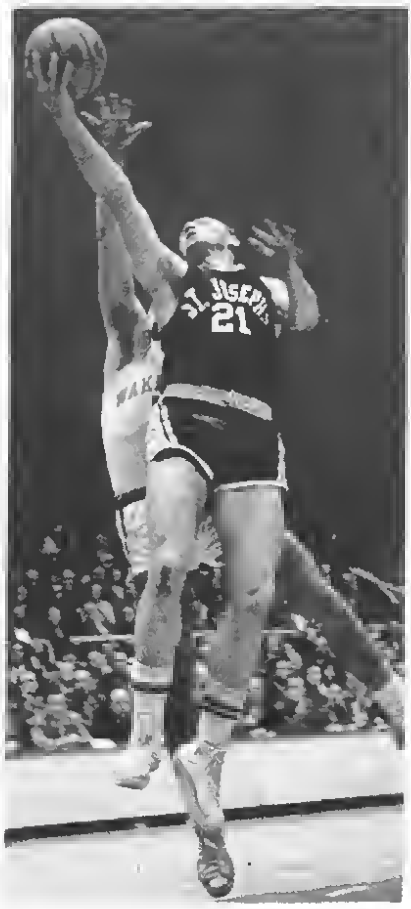
Majewski knew that if he were questioned he not only would face personal disaster but his team would not be allowed to play in the championship games. And in spite of his muddied morality, Majewski wanted St. Joseph's to do well in the NCAA tournament. He was greatly worried, and he looked it.

St. Joseph's is a small school (1,450, with only 150 living on campus), located on the fringe of big-college basketball much as it is located on the fringe of Philadelphia's exclusive Main Line—just outside, wishing it were in. Jack Ramsay is athletic director and a teacher of education courses as well as basketball coach. His office is a small, unpainted cubicle. His budget is small, too. St. Joseph's players got hats as gifts for their good season this year, and even that modest purchase made Ramsay

continued

HAUNTED CONSPIRATOR Frank Majewski fearful that scandal will soon engulf him, waits in uniform in Kansas City hotel before last game.





LEAPING MAJEWSKI (21) BEAT WAKE FOREST

PORTRAIT OF A FIXER *continued*

wince. His recruiting is limited. Six of his 11-man squad went to high school within two miles of the campus.

There is no limit to St. Joe's basketball spirit and confidence, however. It rose from barely tolerable to downright insufferable when the Hawks won the regional title to qualify for the semifinals at Kansas City.

On the morning of March 22, the day before the team was to leave for the west, St. Joseph's publicity man William Whelan was assessing its strength for a visitor. "They're a great team," he said. "Two good little guards, and you know Egan is one of the best forwards there is. Majewski, our other forward, has killed a couple of opponents. He is inconsistent, though. Invariably, when he isn't shooting well, he doesn't rebound well either. One night he makes seven out of 11 shots, the next he hardly scores."

Whelan got out the scorebook. "Now here, against Dayton, he got just four points and only one rebound."

[The grand jury last week charged: Dec. 8 and Dec. 10, 1960 (Aaron) Wagman gave Majewski $750 to influence his play in a game with the University of Dayton. The final score: Dayton 67, St. Joseph's 65. The deal was that St. Joseph's would win by less than three points, or lose.]

"And against Seton Hall," said Whelan, "he didn't score a point. He took seven shots and missed them all."

[The grand jury charged: Wagman paid Majewski $1,000 to influence his play in a game with Seton Hall University. The score: St. Joseph's 72, Seton Hall 71. The deal was that St. Joseph's was to win by less than 10 points.]

"But he played his worst against Xavier," said Whelan, "he made one shot out of five and got three points."

[The grand jury charged: Wagman paid Majewski $1,000 to influence his play in a game with Xavier University. The score: Xavier 87, St. Joseph's 75. St. Joseph's was to lose by more than 11 points, and lost by 12.]

While Whelan was talking, Egan, Kempton and Majewski were taking a special examination which they had missed because of basketball travel. The course was ethics. That afternoon Majewski had the terrible practice session that befuddled Father Geib.

After the practice the team went across Fifty-fourth Street to Sam Fishman's restaurant for a goodby and good luck banquet. Sam Fishman is the Toots Shor of Fifty-fourth Street. A piece of cut-down basket netting, souvenir of a big St. Joseph's victory, hung from his ceiling, and his patrons were arguing not about whether St. Joseph's would beat Ohio State, but about how much the Hawks would win by. Sam himself was renting two television sets so his customers could watch the championship games. He told the team to eat all it could. It was all on the house. "These are great boys, just great," said Sam Fishman.

At a much smaller and less gala lunch at Sam's that day, Jack Ramsay had shared little of the local enthusiasm, openly confessing concern about his opposition and less openly worrying about the basketball scandals. He lowered his voice once, ran a hand through the last of his thinning hair, and confided: "If one of my players were ever involved, I guess I'd just quit. You watch them and watch them, but you can't know all the people they meet, or all the things they do. What's more, nobody can tell when a player is shaving points. Nobody!"

Next morning, in a pouring rain, the team took off from Philadelphia for Kansas City. After half an hour the stewardess announced, "Please fasten your seat belts, we are approaching the Philadelphia airport." She had meant to say Washington.

"Well, they said this team wasn't going anywhere," wisecracked a player, getting one of the trip's few laughs. Jack Egan played hearts with big Vince Kempton. Frank Majewski sat by himself, reading the New York *Daily News* from front to back, as if leaving what he might find on the sports pages to the very last.

Intelligent and very old

At 22, Majewski was an intelligent, soft-spoken senior majoring in industrial management. He maintained a C-plus average, had no scholastic problems and was well liked, though not quick to make friends. He had the quietest personality of anyone on the St. Joseph's team. When a group of players congregated, he had a way of standing at the edge. Remarks that drew belly laughs from others got only chuckles from him. He was a very old 22.

The son of a Jersey City printer, Majewski grew up in a close-knit Polish household, where he acquired a deep sense of family responsibility. As a senior at St. Anthony's High School he was on the all-county team. He received queries from the scouts for several schools, including West Point, Seattle, North Carolina State, Manhattan and Navy—eventually taking a basketball scholarship at Holy Cross. "But it was too far from home," he said that day on the plane. Unsettled, he flunked out in his freshman year.

Jack Ramsay had been "mildly interested" in Majewski as a high school player. "But I thought he was banging his head against a wall trying to play against big men," he remembers. Majewski's natural talent was limited. He was neither a good shot, nor fast. He excelled, though, at the rugged defensive play which can be so valuable. St. Joseph's gave him a scholarship the year after he left Holy Cross.

During Majewski's sophomore year in Philadelphia, his father died. "I'm just now getting over that," he said. "For a while I felt kind of lost." The next year his mother had a heart attack. She is unable to work. Majewski implied there was financial trouble at home. "I can hardly wait to graduate and start

working," he said. "Things aren't all peaches and cream."

Aside from his family difficulties, Majewski has had a measure of plain bad luck. When he was 5 his grandmother spilled a pot of tea on him, causing a burn that scarred his neck. He has a way of turning that side of his face away from you. He tends to wear high-neck sweaters. "I don't think it shows much, do you?" he asked.

During Christmas vacation four years ago he suffered a compound leg fracture while playing basketball. He was on crutches for four months. Calcium deposits around the break kept him from playing much of the first half of his sophomore year. He played well at the start of his junior year, then severely sprained an ankle. At the end of that season he developed a hernia, and was operated on last spring. "I'm no stranger to hospitals," he said.

The latest injury limited the kind of work he could get last summer, a period in which his earnings helped support his mother. He found a job sweeping the roof of the Maxwell House Coffee plant in Hoboken. When possible he worked overtime. He played little summer basketball.

Whatever the cause, on specific occasions—family trouble or bribes—Majewski was an erratic ballplayer all season. ("Some days he seems to stand around and do nothing at all," an irritated Ramsay complained.)

"It isn't that I don't put out," Majewski said. "This team seems to play only as well as it has to. I know I don't get up for every game now. I can't, but I don't know why."

As he talked, Majewski gave the suggestion of an answer to his own question. Basketball is a game, and somber Frank Majewski seemed to have reached a point where worry, pressure and fear made it impossible for him to enjoy a game any more.

Yet, ironically, basketball was about to offer him one last challenge that stirred him. He played well in a lost cause against Ohio State in that NCAA semifinal. The next night, in a game against Utah for national third-place ranking, Majewski was at his leaping, fighting best. Once he even outjumped Utah's 6-foot-9 Billy McGill.

Then, with the score tied and one second to play, Frank Majewski got the ball. He was all alone, 20 feet from the basket. He shot, and missed. St. Joseph's went on to win in four overtimes, but after the game Majewski was thinking only of the shot he missed. "I wanted it to go in so badly," he said. It was almost as if he owed a debt to St. Joseph's and had tried to pay it off in his last game.

•

Last Thursday, nearly a month later, Father Gelb and the public learned Frank Majewski's secret. It came out after a New York grand jury indicted Aaron Wagman, a 29-year-old convicted football game fixer, on 38 counts of corruption and conspiracy.

Egan, Kempton and Frank Majewski were expelled from St. Joseph's College. Gone with their college degrees were professional basketball careers for Egan, drafted by the Philadelphia Warriors, and Kempton, drafted by the New York Knickerbockers.

"I really needed the money," claimed Jack Egan, father of two children, whose wife had suffered a miscarriage just before the basketball season began.

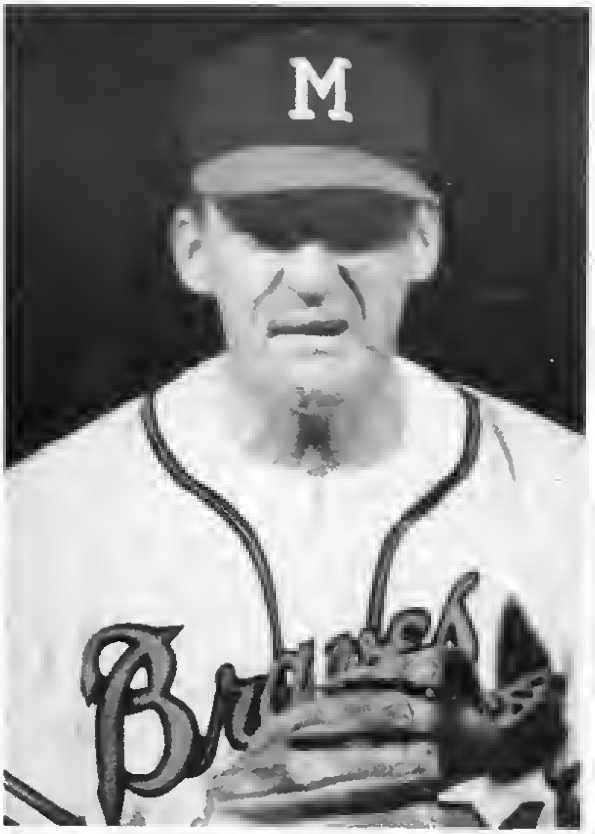
"Whoever contacted me knew I could use the money," said Kempton. "I needed it for something special, something I can't talk to anyone about."

And sad and serious Frank Majewski was home again with his widowed mother. "I wanted to get through school, get a good job, play a little ball and just take life as it comes," he said. "I guess I'll take life as it comes now, but it won't be coming so nicely." ENO

KEMPTON AND EGAN (LEFT), WITH ST. JOSEPH'S COACH RAMSAY, ACCEPT THIRD-PLACE NCAA TROPHY, WHICH NOW MUST BE RETURNED



THE MASTERPIECE IN

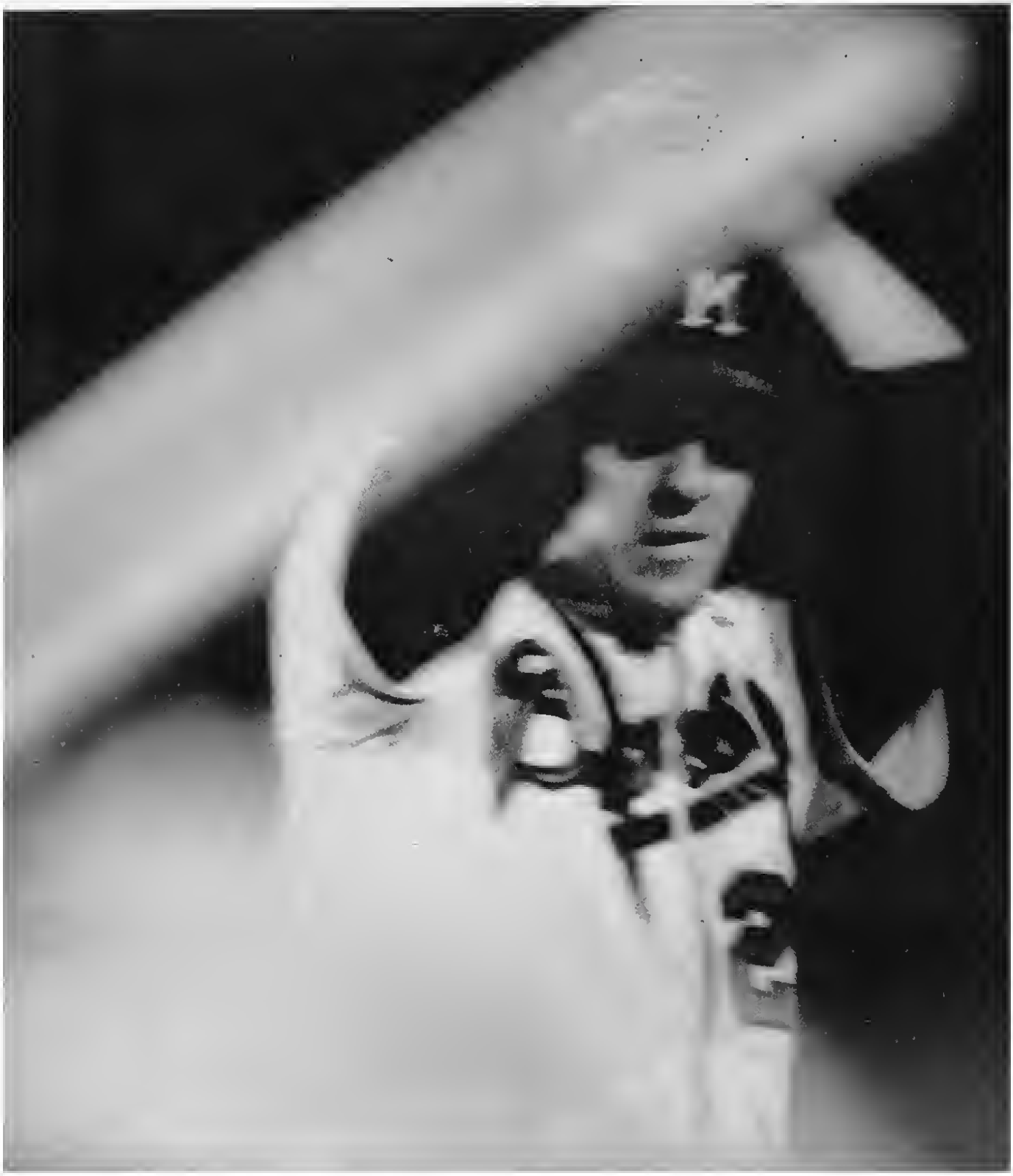






MILWAUKEE

Warren Spahn of the Braves, age 40, pitched his second no-hit game last week. Photographer Mark Kauffman was there and caught these batter's-eye views, including one of the bat cutting through Spahn's windup (below). For Spahn's story of the game, as told to Tex Maule, turn page



'EVERYTHING SEEMED EASY'

by TEX MAULE

Warren Spahn is almost the oldest and almost certainly the wisest pitcher in baseball. Last week he pitched the second no-hit, no-run game of his life, against the San Francisco Giants; the first came last September against the Philadelphia Phils, in his 15th year as a major league pitcher. Because it is so late in his career (his 40th birthday was just a week before his second no-hitter),



Spahn depends in large measure upon his head rather than his arm.

"I guess I got farther than most people on my physical equipment," he says. "Hell, look at me now. I'm not a big guy and I'm 40 years old. I stand up there looking at a big, strong 25-year-old kid waving a bat and I know I can't overpower him. I have to outthink him. I have to keep him off balance. This is hard work for a 40-year-old. If there wasn't the satisfaction of winning the mental fight with the batter, I might not be out there."

(Willie Mays, the redoubtable Giant hitter who two days after the no-hitter had four home runs in one game off Milwaukee pitching, agrees. "He's not fast," Mays said. "He's not even sneaky fast. But he's always pitching you low and away and he mixes them up real good. You never know what to expect. He's amazing.")

"It was one of the easiest games I ever pitched," Spahn said about the no-hitter. He is a hawk-faced, nearly bald man with cold green-brown eyes and an air of immense self-assurance. "Everything seemed easy. I didn't think about it until after the fifth and then I figured I'm over the hump and it's downhill."

He drew a home plate with his finger on the table in front of him. "Here," he said. "Here's what you throw at. You can eliminate this part," and he drew a square inside the plate with the stubby, wide forefinger of his left hand. "You never throw there," he said. "You throw at the corners. Even when it's 3 and 0 on the batter, you throw at the corners. I don't think I could get the ball over if I threw up the pipe."

How, he was asked, could he hit so narrow a target so consistently?

"I spent my life throwing a baseball 60 feet 6 inches," he said. "Why shouldn't I be able to control it?" He spread his left hand and looked at it. It is not a big hand.

"I had to change my signals for this game," he said. He pulled a piece of paper over to him and drew three squares on it. "This is the way I been using signals since I came up," he said. "One finger for the fast ball, two for the curve, three for the screwball, four for the slider, five for the change. Then you set the call that you take from the catcher by the count on the batter. Say it's 1 and 0, for instance. Maybe that would mean I take the third finger signal the catcher gives. If he flashed two, two and one in order, I'd take the last signal. That would be the fast ball."

He smiled. "Me and Alvin [Alvin Dark, the San Francisco manager] came up together to Boston in 1946," he said. "We spent a lot of time together, talking about pitching. He wanted to know all about it. He knows my signal system, too. So I changed it for this game. They get a man on second, he can see the catcher's signals just as well as I can. All he has to do is let the batter know if I'm going to throw a fast ball or breaking stuff. If it's a fast ball, maybe he crosses his legs when he takes a lead; breaking stuff, he doesn't. So I changed."

He thought about Dark for a minute and laughed.

"We used to talk about situations," he said. "The night before the game, I tried to remember all the things we had talked about so I could figure out Alvin's thinking during the game. I walked two guys, McCovey and Hiller. I had 3 and 0 on them and knowing Alvin's thinking, I figure he's going to tell them to hit away, so I couldn't give them anything good. Besides, they're both left-hand hitters, and over the years I've had more trouble with good left-hand hitters than with right-hand batters. So I couldn't give them anything to hit." (Both McCovey and Hiller were put out on double plays that were started by Spahn himself. He is an exceptionally deft fielder.)

"There are two places to throw to a batter," Spahn said. "Low and outside, where he can't see the ball very well and up close on the handle of the bat at the belt, where he can't get the bat around. Some batters, with quick bats, good reflexes—you haven't got any place to pitch to them. They can hit nearly anything you throw up there. Then you have to work on them to set up a pitch. You have to think with them—*try* to figure what they expect, then change it. And you have to





be careful in what you say sometimes."

He lit a cigarette and puffed it quickly.

"I remember one year," he said, "Cincinnati tied a record for home runs that season. They hit something like 220 home runs—I don't remember. But I told a writer that I liked to pitch against them because all of them were swinging for the fence and you could get them to go for bad pitches. Then the next time I pitched against Cincinnati, I figure Wally Post must have read that story. He used to go for pitches on the edges, maybe off the plate. This time he began waiting for something down the pipe, and I found out he was a different kind of batter. Where I was getting ahead of him before, I was getting behind him—1 and 0, 2 and 0—and then I had to come in there with a pitch."

Late in the game the Giant bench began to ride him. "They were hollering, 'You got a no-hitter going, you lucky son of a bitch,' " Spahn said, laughing. "I could hear Alvin's voice, too. But you can't listen to those things. You've got to focus down on a narrow area. The batter, the catcher, the umpire. That's your world. You have to concentrate on it. All the time. You can't think of anything outside that area."

The ninth inning was the only one in which Spahn's no-hitter was in doubt. It started with Ed Bailey, a left-handed power-hitting catcher, at bat. Bailey lifted a towering pop fly behind and to the left of the plate, and Charley Lau, the Braves' second-string catcher and Spahn's roommate, dropped the ball.

"Maybe that helped me," Spahn said. "I felt so sorry for Charley that I really bore down and struck him out. Maybe it helped me to be pitching to Lau, too. You know, Del Crandall has been catching me for 10 years and he's a great catcher. But in 10 years we might have established a pattern that the batters know, even if they only know it subconsciously. With Charley in there, the pattern is changed. I told Charley before the game to call the pitches however he wanted. The only time I shook him off was when I had to come in with a strike in a certain area and I knew which pitch I could do it with. Sometimes when I shake my head, I'm not really shaking off the call. We do it to confuse the batter. He's standing up there figuring, 'Spahn's coming in with this kind of pitch and I'm going to hit it,' and then I shake my head and he stops and thinks, 'Why did he do that?' Then he figures out something else and I shake my head again, and the first thing you know, I got him thinking the way I want him to. Then I've got the confidence and he hasn't. You have to get every psychological edge you can get in this game."

The second batter in the ninth inning was pinch hitter Matty Alou, a very fast ballplayer.

"I knew he was coming up to bunt," Spahn said. "I know how much Alvin wants to win and I knew he wanted to spoil the no-hitter for his team's sake. The only thing surprised me was Alou bunted on the first pitch. He dragged the ball down toward first base and I went over to it automatically and the only thing I remember about that play was seeing Alou go by me as I bent over for the ball and thinking he had it beat out. The ball was dead when I reached it, which was good. If I had had to stop it and throw, I never would have made it. But I grabbed it and threw it backhand at Adcock in one motion and got Alou."

("Only two pitchers in baseball could have made that play," Dark said later. "Spahn and Haddix. They're the only ones who field their position that well.")

The last batter for the Giants was Joey Amalfitano, pinch-hitting for the pitcher.

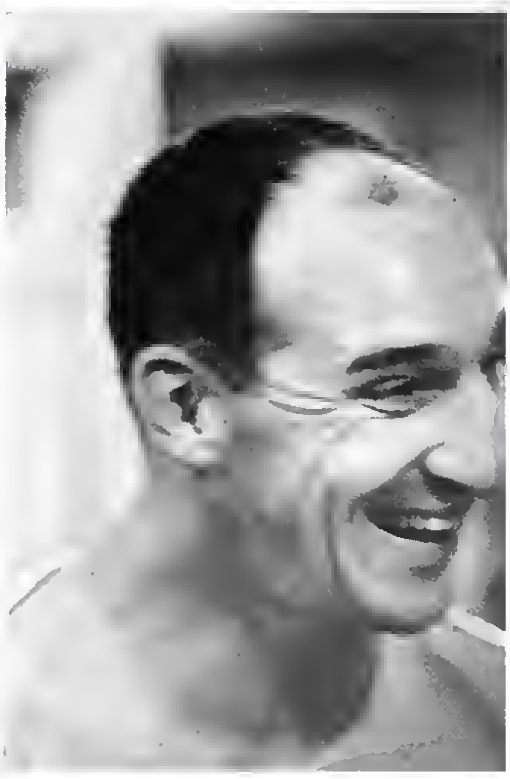
"I knew Alvin would send him in," Spahn said. "He hit me as good as anyone last year. But I don't mind pitching to pinch hitters. I'd rather take my chances against a guy coming in cold off the bench."

Amalfitano hit a sharp ground ball to the left of the Brave shortstop, Roy McMillan. McMillan, a very quick infielder, got in front of the ball, but it took a freak hop over the top of the glove and hit him in the groin. He reached for it, missed, reached again, grabbed it and, in one instantaneous motion, threw to Adcock at first barely in time to catch Amalfitano. Then the Brave bench boiled onto the field; the game was over.

"I was afraid McMillan wouldn't pick the ball up in time," Spahn said. "Then the scorer would have given him an error. Maybe I would have got the next guy out, but it would have been a tainted no-hitter and I didn't want it that way. This one was pitched against some of the best batters in the league. The first one gave me a bigger kick because I waited so long for it, but it was against the Phils and they didn't have batters like Mays and McCovey and Cepeda and the rest of the Giants."

He thought about the game for a moment. "I made some mistakes," he said. "But I was lucky. You have to be real lucky. The only real bad pitch I threw was a screwball high to Mays that didn't do anything. And he tapped back to me for an easy out. That was lucky. You know what they say. The top half of the ball belongs to the batter, the bottom half to the pitcher. High balls get hit out of the park most of the time."

Dark, an intensely serious competitor who suffers horribly when he loses, sat wordless in front of his locker for a long time after the game. Then he said: "Spahn earned his no-hitter. I did all I could to break it up. Everything. He earned it." **END**





THREE FOR THE FUTURE

Out of the thousands of athletes participating in relay track meets last week came two sprinters and a pole vaulter whose performances were Olympian

The spring track season blossomed into full-blown life last week with relay carnivals in Philadelphia, Des Moines and Walnut, Calif. The emphasis, as always, was on harmonious team efforts. Texas Southern came to the Drake Relays in Iowa with nine men and carried off four titles. Four sprinters from Southern California ran the fastest college mile ever, and Villanova, with a bit of luck, twice upset Abilene Christian of Texas to win impressive relays. But from all the anonymous scuffle of team events there emerged three young men, pictured here, who proved that they could star as individuals, too.





QUESTIONED START by San Jose State Sprinter Dennis Johnson (*third from left*) overshadowed his 9.2 100 at Mt. San Antonio Relays in California. Johnson and teammate Willie Williams (*second from right*) rose to set position more slowly than opponents, were accused of getting rolling start. However, referee approved technique.



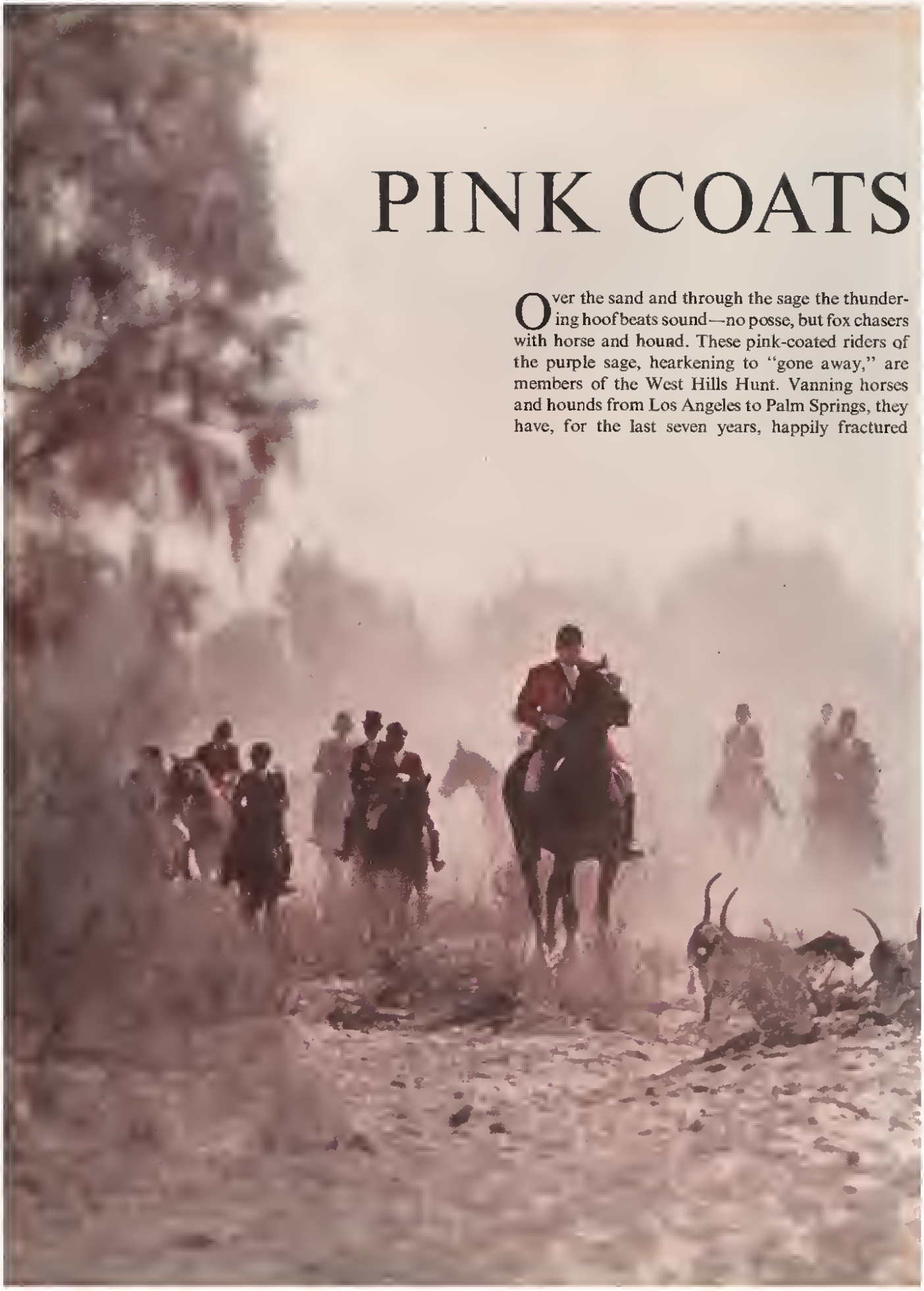
CLEAN DROP by George Davies of Oklahoma State (*silhouetted against the late afternoon sky*) followed meet-record pole vault of 15 feet 6 at the Drake Relays in Des Moines. The sophomore from Phoenix, Ariz. narrowly missed a world record at 15 feet 10.



SWIFT FINISH by Abilene Christian's long-striding Sprinter Earl Young at Penn Relays brought victory in 440-yard relay. A brilliant 220 by Young in the 880-yard relay and a strong run in the mile couldn't offset poor starts in the crowded races, won by Villanova.

PINK COATS

Over the sand and through the sage the thundering hoof beats sound—no posse, but fox chasers with horse and hound. These pink-coated riders of the purple sage, hearkening to "gone away," are members of the West Hills Hunt. Vanning horses and hounds from Los Angeles to Palm Springs, they have, for the last seven years, happily fractured



IN THE SAGE

tradition by staging an English fox hunt (minus fox) on the western desert. The stirrup cup, offered in colder climates to ward off morning chill, is waived as the riders set off some 90 strong to follow a scent previously laid across the sands. Several hours later they gather at a welcome water hole of their own devising: a bowl brimming with champagne punch.

Photographs by Mark Kauffman



Astride gray horse, Hunt Master John Bowles
takes gate as chase moves into the open desert







At hunt's end rider John Blackburn accepts punch as horse gets own refreshment by licking ice

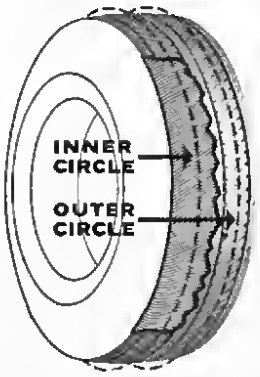


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ON TOUR GARY AND VIVIENNE PLAYER ENJOY TV IN CROWDED MOTEL AS THEY TEND DAUGHTER JENNIFER, 2, AND SON MARK, 2 MONTHS

A JITTERY GOLF CHAMPION

That's what Gary Player is right now, but the evidence suggests he will be able to adjust to success before it gets away from him

by ***ALFRED WRIGHT***

On a recent Saturday evening, just two weeks after he had won the Masters Tournament in Augusta, Gary Player sat in a Houston motel room almost drowned in a sea of news clippings, letters and telegrams. There was an uncharacteristic expression of worry on his alert young face.

"I just don't know how I'll get all these things answered," he said in a distraught voice, picking up a few of the envelopes and letting them flutter back to the bed.

In the room with Player were his wife Vivienne, his 2-year-old daughter Jennifer and his baby son Mark, born last February. Even the presence of his family, who had flown over from South Africa four weeks earlier to join him on the professional golfing tour, was not enough to lift Player's spirits noticeably.

That day Player had shot a respectable par 70 over a course that was acting very skittish, and he appeared to be in serious contention, only three strokes behind the leaders. But the following day his score went up to 72, and he dropped another four strokes back to finish in a tie for ninth. "I don't seem able to get up for this tournament," he had complained several times during the course of the four-day event. "I'm flat. I can't feel anything, and my concentration isn't good. There are too many things on my mind, and there's been so much excitement and so many decisions to make these last two weeks. It isn't a good atmosphere for playing your best golf."

This was hardly the Gary Player who had charged so self-assuredly week after week through the winter golfing schedule, winning two of the tournaments and far

more money than anyone else on the professional golf tour and then going on to a climactic, hairline win in the Masters. For the time being, Player had become a nervous, harried man whose temper had grown thick and whose patience was wearing thin. He was finding the public adulation a heavy added burden to carry in his golf bag.

Just a few weeks before, despite an impressive list of achievements in six years of tournament golf, Player had been regarded merely as another of the fine golfers on the tour. Except when he was paired with Arnold Palmer, who attracts crowds like a white sale after Christmas, he was able to play in a relatively unfrenzied atmosphere. His day's work done, he could retire to his room in the local motel, enjoy a few records on the portable stereo phonograph that he carries with him everywhere, dine (almost always on steak) with a couple of friends, conduct his outside business with a few phone calls and get the 10 hours of rocklike sleep that he considers indispensable to his fitness.

Suddenly he felt like Marilyn Monroe at a San Quentin prom. The question many began to ask was, would Player's emergence as a celebrity ruin him as a competitor? It will take more than the Houston Classic and other tournaments to tell, but there is much in the Player background to suggest that his case of nerves is only transitory. Player himself has as much as intimated that his fame as a golfer is all part of a plan that began in 1955, when he was 19. In that year Player became aggressively certain that he would succeed. His father, then a foreman in a Johannesburg gold mine, borrowed money to send him to England. He made enough there to cover his expenses, and in the five years since Player has purposefully stalked his golf ball across the fairways of Great Britain, North America, Australia and his native South Africa in search of victories. His arms swinging at his sides like a British guardsman on parade and his figure clothed in an inky costume more suited to Hamlet than golf, Player resembled a kind of ravenously hungry raven, and like a raven he got mostly what he wanted.

At 20, back again in England, he shot a brilliant five-round score of 70-64-64-72-68—338 to win the Dunlop pro tournament and later was fourth in the British Open. After an exploratory year in the U.S., he returned in 1958 to finish second to Tommy Bolt in the U.S. Open at Tulsa. The next year he won the British Open—at 23 the youngest man to win it since the days of Disraeli.

Those were the highlights of Player's career when he arrived in Los Angeles early this year. "I have," he said one day in his vivid Springbok accent after completing a practice round, "several ambitions in golf. I want to have won the three major tournaments—the British Open, the Masters and your Open. And I want to see how much money I can win on the American tour."

Player thereupon undertook a formidable assignment. He played a major PGA tournament every week from the L.A. Open on the first weekend in January until the Sunshine Open in Miami two weeks before the Masters—a total of 12 consecutive tournaments. In between, he compiled a statistical consistency that was, to put it mildly, amazing.

He averaged 69.2 strokes per round over 49 rounds; his winnings were $25,217.29, the highest ever accumulated by a golfer that early in the year; he was in the money in all 12 tournaments and finished among the top five seven times; he had nine consecutive rounds in the 60s (12 including the first three rounds of the Masters).

The Presley routine

No one was less surprised by all this than Player, who takes an immodestly realistic view of his golf. Coming off one round recently he said, "I was hitting the ball terribly well." Another time he said, "I hate to tell you how well I was playing." Before the Masters he told reporters, "I'm hitting the ball wonderfully well," and there wasn't the least trace of braggadocio in his voice.

Rather than crumbling under pressure, Player seemed by all signs to be getting better as the forces around him grow more fierce. One important reason for this may be that Player loves the limelight. Several weeks ago on the Perry Como TV show he gave a hilarious impersonation of Elvis Presley. He had worked up the routine for his own amusement in front of a mirror in the privacy of his room, with his phonograph blaring the appropriate background music, and had willingly put it on at parties or anywhere else where people cared to watch him. In short, Player enjoys being "on."

Some people would call him a ham, but Hollywood Producer Hal Wallis, who played a round with Player in Palm Springs last winter, was so impressed with his public presence that he made a date to give Player a screen test at Paramount next week, after the conclusion of the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions. "Gary has looks, flair and a strong, colorful personality," Wallis said. "I think he might make an actor."

Player claims he is in no position to judge, but he is looking forward to the experiment. "I would never give up golf," he says emphatically, "because that's my profession. But I wouldn't mind making one picture a year if I have the ability."

The enjoyment that Player gets from performing in public is immediately apparent on the golf course. If things are going well, he chats amiably with the spectators. Whenever he sinks a long putt, he takes off the white visored golf cap that is a part of his sartorial trademark and waves it in the air as if in pantomime of an exuberant "whoopee." Then he dances a mincing little step up to the cup, removes his ball and jigs away in obvious ecstasy.

At a recent tournament, when Player's and Arnold Palmer's shots ended up equidistant from the flagstick and there was some question as to who should

continued on page 67



MASTERS CHAMPION Player receives Augusta blazer from Defender Arnold Palmer.

Photographs by [illegible]

TOKYO CHANGES FACE FOR ASIA'S FIRST OLYMPICS

The 1964 Games are still three years away, but the Japanese, who want to put on the best show ever, already have mastered many of the problems of staging the world's largest carnival

by **DONALD S. CONNERY**

Lighting the sky during the closing minutes of the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome, the huge electric scoreboard flashed the farewell message, ARRIVEDERCI A TOKYO 1964—"Till we meet again in Tokyo 1964."

The words were seen by the Japanese team and by 120 other Japanese who had been dispatched to Rome to observe how the West puts on an Olympics. After Rome's gorgeous and magnificent display, twinges of self-doubt must have stirred in the breasts of the Japanese, who will stage the next Games in 1964. But if they were struck dumb with fear, as some Tokyo newspapers reported, they had an odd way of showing their paralysis. In the three-quarters of a year since Rome, the Japanese have pushed ahead on an ambitious program which, when it is through, will have changed the face of Tokyo.

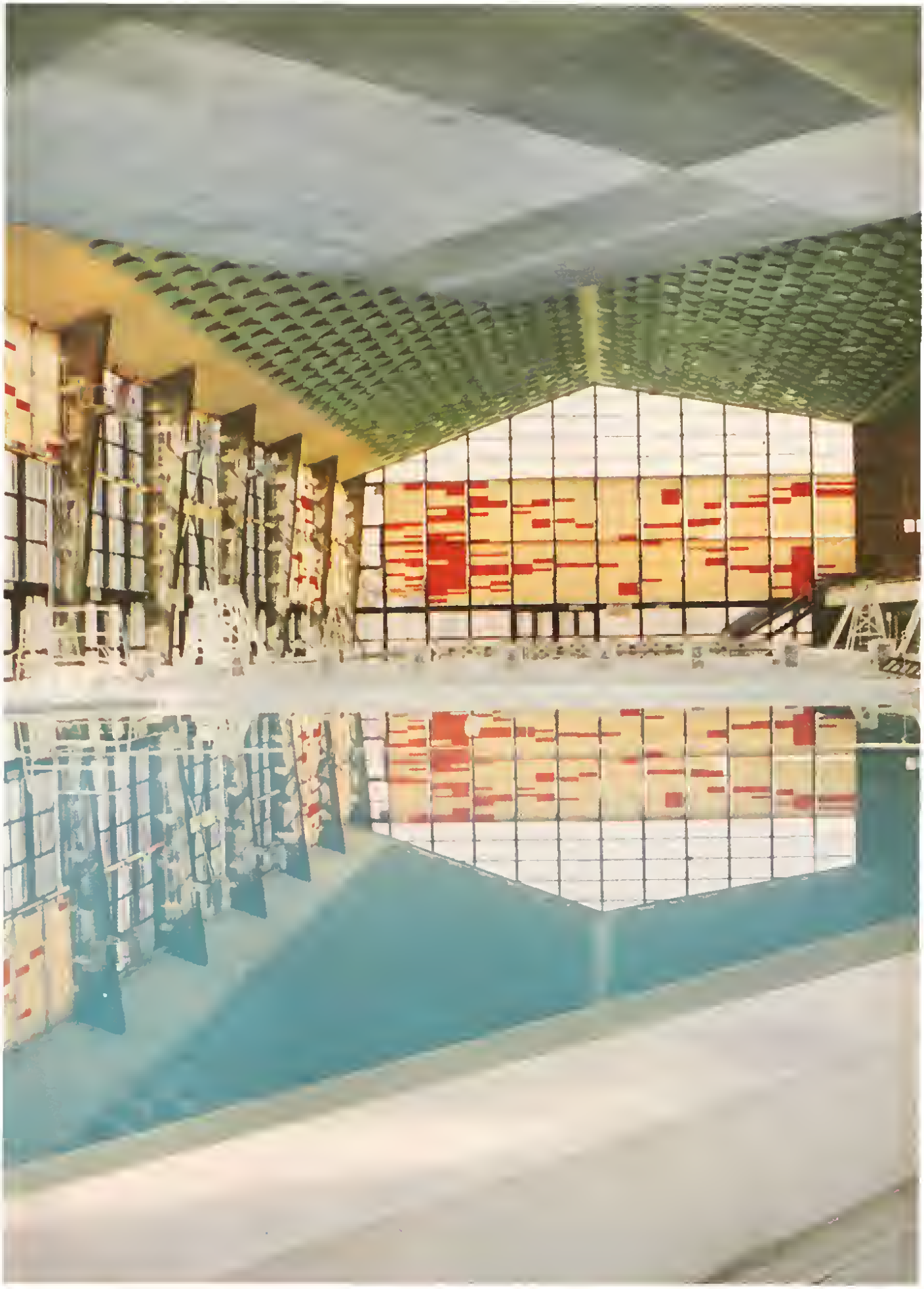
Many Japanese are already viewing the Games as a milestone in their country's history. They see them as a sign of Japan's maturity as a modern state, a return to respectability after the dark years of militarism and an opportunity to show off their nation's talents. They are well aware that this XVIII Olympiad will be the first ever held in Asia—the first in a non-Western country. Their prestige will be challenged and the fear of losing face is great.

The tasks before them are appalling. "It will take a miracle to get ready for the Games," the Tokyo *Times* gloomily predicted. What it had in mind was the traffic chaos and the bone-crushing crowding in what is now the largest city on earth. Tokyo is a great stew of 9.7 million frighteningly energetic people squeezed into an urban pressure cooker. The struggle for elbow room on the overworked subways and trains goes on day and night, and the competition of 600,000 vehicles in the narrow, potholed lanes and the few boulevards has crushed any old-fashioned ideas of etiquette. With its mingling of commerce and government and the gaudiest night life since the fall of Rome, Tokyo is New York and Washington combined, with a heavy coating of Las Vegas. Unplanned, unlovely and hazardous but hypnotically exciting, Tokyo mushrooms by 300,000 more people every year. By Olympics time its population will number 10½ million, its vehicles over 1 million.

Happily, the major problems are being squarely faced, and there is already

continued

COLORFUL OLYMPIC PRACTICE POOL WEDS ARCHITECTURAL IDEAS OF THE EAST AND WEST





Tokyo Gymnasium, seating 5,290, is Japan's largest and best indoor arena. Completed in 1955, it has been used for basketball, wrestling, will house gymnastics in 1964. Building has communal bathtub for 20, steam bath for 10. Round balconies are for press, spotlights.

impressive planning to back up the promise by Masaji Tabata, secretary general of Japan's Olympic organizing committee, that the Tokyo Games "will be more impressive and colorful than Rome." One fervent preacher of the Olympic gospel, former physician and professor Ryotaro Azuma, now 68, campaigned so vigorously to bring the Games to Tokyo that he was elected governor of Tokyo last year, largely on the strength of that reputation. He is now the prime mover behind an elaborate structure of committees presently at work preparing the Games. The organizing committee began with a secretariat of 27 persons in 1959. It expects to have 500 on the payroll by 1964.

The organizers gained a valuable backlog of experience by staging the Third Asian Games in Tokyo in 1958. The 1964 Olympics will be built around the same facilities in Meiji Shrine Park, now called Olympic Park, but almost everything will be expanded and improved. The National Stadium, seating 60,000, will be enlarged at a cost of $2.8 million to seat 85,000 and accommodate 100,000 spectators in all. It is the central unit of a sports complex that includes a new metropolitan gymnasium, a handsome swimming stadium and even the Prince Chichibu Rugby Ground. Less than five miles away is a second sports complex, with a baseball stadium, gymnasium, volleyball and hockey grounds and other facilities. These two centers, along with other parks, halls and harbors to be built or improved, will take care of the Games.

The Olympic Village will be built at Asaka, known as Camp Drake when it was the site of the American security forces in Tokyo, a little more than nine miles from Olympic Park. At a cost of $8.3 million, the Tokyo housing agency and Japan's aptly named Self-Defense Forces will erect 55 dormitory buildings, most of them four stories high, to house 9,000 athletes and 3,000 Boy Scouts and servicemen who will help run the village. In all, the Japanese will spend $56 million for sports facilities and $16.8 million for operating expenses. To solve the traffic problem, national and city governments have announced plans to spend $280 million on new roads. They will include a freeway between Olympic Village and the main stadium, and a new highway, now being built, linking Haneda Airport to downtown Tokyo. There is also a possibility that monorail and helicopter services will be added.

Tokyo has 4,713 "Western-style" hotel rooms. With a flock of huge new hotels now being built or planned, the city is guaranteed at least 7,000 rooms by Olympic time that will accommodate at least 10,000 persons. But an estimated 30,000 foreigners are expected to swarm into Tokyo. Some may have to live aboard ocean liners in Tokyo Bay. The Olympic authorities will build a press hotel for 1,000 newsmen and are offering incentives to businessmen to raise new hotels or convert Japanese inns in Tokyo to "Western style." Like most Japanese, the officials are convinced that no Westerner can tolerate or rightly appreciate the chairless, bedless "Japanese-style" hotel, which, in fact, is delightfully Oriental and a joy to experience.

The Japanese are no less concerned about offending the visitor's eyes and his sense of direction. The unsightly billboards that deface the views along railway lines and many key roads will be removed under the terms of a bill to be introduced soon in the Diet. Other legislation will attempt to head off commercialization of the Games so that they will be "a pure athletic festival." The authorities also plan to name the important streets and to post signs. As things now stand, foreigners in Tokyo must grope their way around town by looking for weather-beaten wooden arrows erected years ago by the occupation forces when they made a stab at sorting out the main streets by letters and numbers.

How to pay?

How to raise some of the direct Olympic costs has been a subject of continuing controversy in Tokyo. Governor Azuma came back from Rome advocating a baseball lottery on th order of Italy's Totocalcio. The pres and many sportsmen savagely denoun ed the proposal for fear that professional baseball as well as the Olympics would be tainted with gambling. It hasn't been heard about since. Instead, the money raisers plan to produce special horse races, sell New Year's and Olympic postcards and go after the average man's small change through stamp and cigarette sales.

Still to be decided by the planners are the exact dates of the Games, what sports to include on the program and how the Olympic torch will be brought to Tokyo. The vagaries of Japanese weather are creating real trouble over the selection of a date. Late May or early June, when Japanese weather is near perfect, leaves most of the world's athletes with too little time to complete their university schedules and work in a few weeks of practice. Midsummer is far too hot and humid for athletic comfort and early autumn is the typhoon season. Compromising, the Japanese have approved a two-week period in October, and this is the proposal they will make at the next meeting of the International Olympic Committee this June in Athens.

The IOC prescribes that a host city must provide facilities for at least 15 of the 21 sports recognized by it. Japan originally said it would be happy to put on all 21 events, and in Rome last year succeeded in adding still another: judo. But the list may be cut to 18 or 20. Japan wants to keep judo and is anxious to include volleyball and soccer, which are popular in Asian countries. "I'm afraid we don't have much interest in canoeing," one spokesman for the organizing committee confided. The Japanese seem coolest of all to the modern pentathlon, but they can expect militant opposition on this score at Athens.

An elderly, silver-haired ballet choreographer named Michio Ito has been placed in charge of the opening- and closing-day ceremonies. His most fanciful plan, unfortunately, is running afoul of cold war politics. Ito, who sees no romance at all in bringing the Olympic torch from Athens to Tokyo via airplane, wants it carried instead by relay runners over Central Asia's famous Silk Road. This is the route the Khans' Mongolian hordes traveled when they invaded Europe and Marco Polo used when he trekked from Venice to Peking.

The trouble with the Silk Road is that it goes across a great swatch of Red China, and that involves the annual struggle for Olympic recognition between the Communist and Nationalist Chinese. Presumably Red China would be more than willing to accommodate the Japanese if the IOC would only drop Formosa from Olympic membership.

With three years to go, the Japanese have not given up hope that the Silk Road, which will be 7,000 miles long and take a year to cover, will become a reality. But whether the torch comes by air or across the China Sea, runners will take it the last few miles through Tokyo to the Olympic stadium. There was a time when some thought the very last runner should be a hurdler fully able to bound from rooftop to rooftop across a sea of floundering traffic. The Japanese plans have ended that kind of talk. **END**

TO ATLANTIC CITY BY HIGH-SPEED BUS

Hong Kong's old hat, Tahiti's going through a phase, but a lately untraveled man finds there's adventure enough on the Turnpike Express and the Boardwalk

by GERALD HOLLAND

Drawings by Marc Simont



Some considerable time ago (SI, March 21, 1955) one Bayard Ashcroft of Boston wrote a letter to his Harvard classmate, Phipps Piper of New York, in which he described in detail the great adventure of his life, a birding expedition led by the famous ornithologist, Roger Tory Peterson. As may be surmised from the following letter, Piper was green with envy and has waited all this time to reply, hoping for some adventure of his own with which to confound the insufferable Ashcroft. At long last, fortune has smiled on Phipps Piper and propelled him, at high speed, into an exciting wonderland in which one just doesn't have time to watch birds.

Bayard Ashcroft, Harvard '14
Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass.

My dear Bayard:

First of all I must apologize for not answering your last letter before this. As you shall see, I have been quite busy. However, I wish to say that I enjoyed tremendously your vivid description of the Peterson birding expedition on which you added the snowy owl to your Life List. As one who has seen literally dozens of snowy owls, I congratulate you and say, "Welcome aboard!"

I have just had quite an adventure of my own. It had nothing whatever to do with birding, but rather with modern travel. Specifically, it was an exciting journey to Atlantic City via high-speed bus. Do you remember, Bayard, when it took the better part of the day to make the trip from New York to Atlantic City in the family car? Would you believe that I had breakfast in New York's magnificent Port Authority Bus Terminal and *lunch* on the Boardwalk? And, thanks to the superb highways and turnpikes in New Jersey, I had no sense whatever of high speed—for which I must also give proper credit to the cool competence of our "skipper" at the wheel.

Of course, travel always presents certain problems and mine began with Mother. We had rather a frightful row. I take the entire blame for I should remember that the dear creature, although in excellent health and still a strong skater, is—after all—93 years of age.

It is Mother's contention, Bayard, that travel has become an absolute absurdity in these incredible days of jet aircraft in which we see greengrocers' clerks, television performers and all sorts of unlikely creatures being whisked about the world in their outlandish wash-and-wear wardrobes that can be contained in a single traveling case. Mother, who has not been abroad since President Hoover's Administration (nor, indeed, beyond our summer place on Long Island), never tires of telling me (and Mr. Pevely who comes to wind our clocks) that when she and Father went abroad, they always took 12 wardrobe trunks, at least as many cases and innumerable boxes of hats, shoes and books. Of course, one took one's own sheets as well as one's own maid and manservant.

Naturally, Mother has forbidden me to use aircraft and recently she extended this ban to include the New Haven Railroad, which, as you know, Bayard, keeps falling off the tracks.

I must admit that I share some of Mother's feeling about some aspects of modern travel. The thing has been carried to such lengths, thanks to the ridiculous go-now-pay-later schemes, that a recent issue of *Vogue* magazine actually reported that it was "old hat" to go to Hong Kong and that *Tahiti* was currently fashionable. I *ask* you, Bayard!

I did think, however, that Mother's opinions are extreme. I put the case to her. "What does one do if one is not permitted to use either train or aircraft?"

"One simply stays home," replied Mother. "One busies one's self with worthwhile reading, lunching at one's clubs, working on one's stamp collection, skating in season and birding when the weather is fair."

"One gets frightfully bored," I said.

Mother gave me a long look.

"Phipps," she said gently, "spring has always been a difficult time for you. Perhaps you should see Dr. Japes and have him prescribe a tonic."

At this I lost control of myself. "Mother," I exclaimed, "why must you persist in treating me like a child! Good heavens, I graduated from Harvard in 1914!"

"And none too soon," said Mother coolly, "judging from the sort that has taken over there."

I folded my arms and held my head high. Summoning some hitherto dormant inner resource, I said: "I shall respect your wishes concerning jet aircraft and the New Haven Railroad, but I must and will go someplace. I feel so out of things. Mother, you would have no objection to a bus trip to Atlantic City?"

"A bus trip," she mused. "Well, I must say, Phipps, *that* does sound rather sensible. The school buses that pass the gate seem to be efficiently operated." She thought a moment. "I will not object to a bus trip, Phipps. And the sea air at Atlantic City may do you some good. You will, of course, stay at the Glenville-Blanchflower. The Marlborough-Blenheim is also quite good, but I think you will find a more mature crowd at the Glenville-Blanchflower."

Do you grasp the point, Bayard, that Mother envisioned me as traveling on something resembling a school bus? I could scarcely hide a smile as I thought of what she might say if she knew my real intentions—that is, to take a *scenic cruiser*, a high-speed nonstopper!

"Bless you, Mother," I cried. "I shall call the bus station at once!"

An amusing thing happened as I made my reservation over the wire. When the clerk asked for my name, I automatically responded, "Phipps Piper, Harvard '14." The clerk inquired, "What is that—a name or a cheer?" I was then directed to report at Gate 16 on the lower level of the Port Authority Terminal at 9:15 o'clock the following morning. Coles, our chauffeur, drove me to the terminal at 7 o'clock. I wanted plenty of time to drink in the sights.

The terminal is a veritable wonderland of shops, restaurants, lounges, gleaming escalators serving two levels on which the buses arrive and depart. Drawing upon my memory of advertisements I had read, I visualized my own high-speed "scenic cruiser" with its plush reclining seats, rest room and (I was led to believe) a dog mascot. I was in for a shocking surprise.

After strolling through the terminal and marveling at the great crowds streaming up and down the escalators, I

continued

decided to take a table at one of the restaurants and have tea and a muffin. As I sipped my tea, I could hear the announcements over the loudspeakers and I was reminded of the song about "far away places with the strange soundin' names." One announcement might say, "Now loading at Gate 21, bus for St. Louis, Springfield, Joplin, Tulsa!" or again, "Chicago, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Portland and Seattle."

From time to time the waitress brought me more tea as I sat listening and making notes in the travel diary I had brought along. I somehow lost all sense of time and I was suddenly electrified to hear the loudspeaker announce: "Nonstop express to Atlantic City now loading at Gate 16. Last call." I jumped to my feet, flinging a bill on the table and, snatching up my traveling case, I literally ran from the restaurant. I had intended to allow myself time to "freshen up" but, of course, that was out of the question. I comforted myself with the thought that the modern bus (a point stressed in the advertisements I had read) boasted its own rest room.

I reached the gate in the nick of time and breathlessly gave my name to the gateman. The motors of the bus were already being "revved up" and as I hurried aboard I was directed to the last seat at the rear. I had barely time to put my case in the rack above the seat (I had understood from the advertisements that luggage was stored amidship) when the bus began to move, slowly at first, then gathering speed through the labyrinthian tunnels of the vast terminal.

I looked about the bus with dismay. It bore no resemblance to the buses pictured in the advertisements and, to my horror, there was no sign of a rest room. I glanced at my seat companion, an attractive, red-haired woman I judged to be in her early '40s. She smiled and I was emboldened to introduce myself.

"A Harvard man?" she said, "I've met a lot of Harvard men in my work."

It seems, Bayard, that the young woman operates a firm which specializes in providing round-the-clock secretarial service for businessmen attending conventions in Atlantic City. It seems that many executives wish to dictate memoranda late at night after the busy convention sessions.

"Truly," I said, "this is the age of specialization." Then I added in an offhand manner, "By the way, do you know if this bus makes rest stops along the way to Atlantic City?"

"No, Dad," she said. "This is strictly nonstop."

"Quite," I said.

Soon we were rolling along the parkway. Despite my disappointment with the appearance of the bus, it was clearly high speed and the expert handling of gas pedal and air brakes by the skipper left nothing to be desired. I studied this worthy carefully. He appeared to be a gentlemanly sort, and so, after about an hour, I made my way to the front of the bus and leaned over to speak to him.

"I was led to believe by your advertisements, Captain," I said, "that there was a rest room aboard."

"No, sir," he said. "No rest room on this bus."

"Well, I must say, young man, that your advertisements are rather misleading. They definitely state that all cruisers carry a rest room as well as a dog."

The young man laughed. "You've been reading the ads for the Greyhound long-haul lines, mister," he said. "This is a short-haul line. You're only aboard for two hours and a half."

I glanced at the other passengers and then leaned down and whispered: "But look here, I was counting on this accommodation. Isn't it possible to make a rest stop somewhere along the way?"

He turned briefly and looked at me. "All right, Pop," he said. "I'll call it an emergency. Sit down and relax."

Well, Bayard, it was most embarrassing. Unhappily, I was the only passenger to take advantage of the rest stop. As I reboarded the bus, a woman cried out: "People who want rest stops should have rested before they got on the bus!"

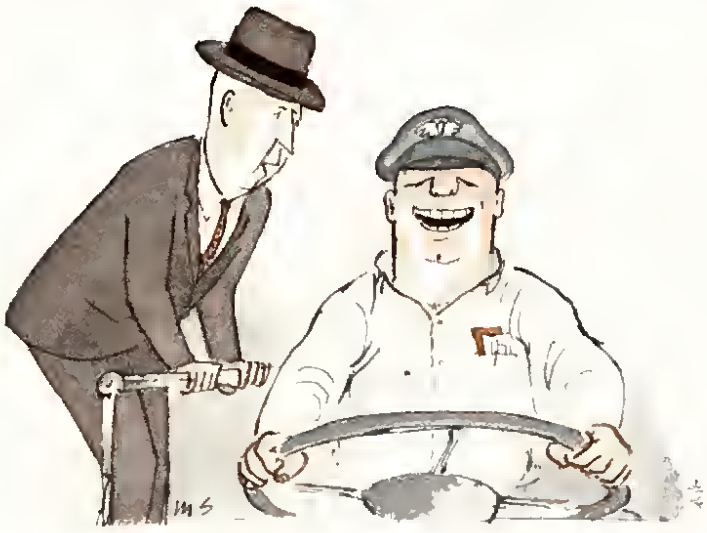
Returning to my seat, I murmured an apology to the young red-haired woman, expressing regret for having spoiled the nonstop aspect of the trip. She was most gracious. "It's O.K., Dad," she said. "When you got to rest, you got to rest." In my gratitude for her understanding, I suggested she might like to have tea with me at the Glenville-Blanchflower. She explained that her business would keep her occupied and that not many of her businessman clients were likely to be staying at my hotel. As it turned out, she was quite right. Almost all of the guests at the G.B. were senior citizens like myself who had never actually engaged in business.

The balance of the trip was without incident and just before we turned off the highway the thrilling skyline of Atlantic City loomed in the distance. On an impulse, I shouted, "Well done, skipper!" and clapped my hands in appreciation. It is a sad commentary on the character of today's jaded traveler, Bayard, but the fact is that not a single one of my fellow passengers saw fit to follow my example.

In a matter of minutes, I was checking in at the Glenville-Blanchflower. The desk clerk was most courteous and, when I asked for an ocean view, I was rewarded with a perfectly splendid room directly over the Boardwalk. When the bellboy had left, I rushed to the window and drew up the blinds. I had an excellent view of an attractive billboard on which I could make out the words, "like a cigarette should." Beyond that another sign, this in full neon, then the world-famous Steel Pier stretching a half mile out into the Atlantic.

I might say, in passing, Bayard, that if the Boardwalk is the eighth wonder of the world, the Steel Pier is certainly the ninth. For a single admission of

continued



Little helper, big help— new, first powered compact postage meter machine!



This Model 5400 is no bigger than a typewriter. But it stamps envelopes, in denominations from ½¢ up to $9.99½, then seals and stacks them. And gives you room to grow! If you start sending out lots of letters or occasional mailings, you can get a separate, fully automatic envelope feeder that attaches to the 5400 — gives you speed when you need it!

The 5400 also provides postage for parcel post on special gummed tape. With every meter stamp, it can print your own postmark ad, if you want one. The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. It protects postage from loss or damage. And accounts for postage on registers that show postage used and on hand.

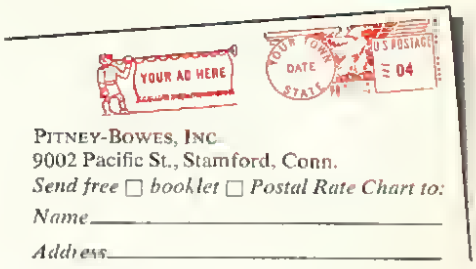
The 5400 handles envelopes as large as 9 by 12 inches. It's easy to use. Postage denominations wanted are set by finger tip levers. The meter is light, easily removable. Change stamp dates by turning a dial. Liberal water supply for sealing a lot of envelopes or moistening tape.

Call any Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration in your own office. Or send coupon for free literature.



Here the Model 5400 postage meter machine is shown with the envelope feeder attached — stamps, seals and stacks up to 65 letters a minute.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*



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Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*
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The quiet, roomy wagons that are more fun to live with



There's fun for the whole family in these quiet, roomy wagons. Big, wide doors make loading easy, and there's plenty of romping room inside.

The 1961 wagons from Chrysler Corporation are easy to get along with, thanks to famous Torsion-Aire Ride, full-time power steering, and a host of other family-pleasing features.

These are the wagons that make driving a pleasure not a project. They'll take you in and out of town traffic and tight parking spaces easier than most sedans . . . with a full load of cargo and kids aboard.

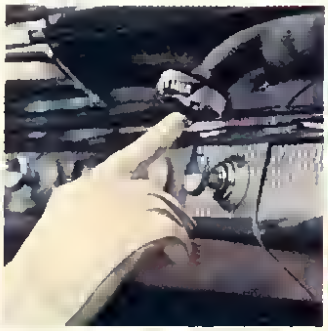
Why's the driving so nice? For one thing, Chrysler Corporation's exclusive Torsion-Aire suspension system has no equal when it comes to holding a wagon steady and level, even over railroad tracks and around curves.

And Torsion-Aire has the perfect partner in Constant Control Power Steering. (An option in all wagons.) It never switches off and on as some others do, but works full time to give you the most effortless parking, cornering, and cruising on the road.

And, of course, all our wagons have the battery-saving Alternator, and a wagonload of other family-pleasing features. See your dealer for the details.



Easy to park, easy to drive. Full-time power steering, available in these wagons, works for you all the time you're driving, never goes "on and off," like other systems.



Driver-controlled door locks let you lock all doors, back and front, with a switch near the driver. These automatic door locks are optional and available in all wagons but compacts and 2-door Plymouth.





Rear-facing third seat, keeps kids comfortably out of your hair. A Chrysler Corporation first, offered in all standard size wagons.



One-piece tailgate is easy for Mother to open; makes these wagons easy to load and easy to get into and out of.

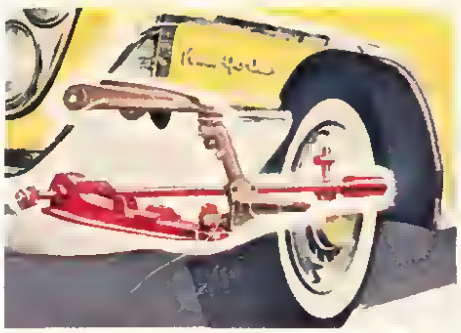


New rust protection. 7-soak rust protection guards even inside, out-of-reach metal surfaces, where most rust problems start. Helps keep beauty longer than cars treated the old-fashioned spray way.



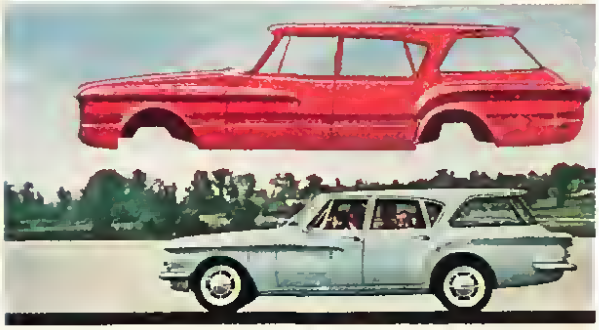
Pushbutton driving. Easiest controls to operate. 3-speed TorqueFlite transmission . . . radio . . . heater . . . even air conditioner . . . all have safe, simple pushbutton controls.

Plymouth Wagon—getting in and out of parking spaces is no work at all in America's No. 1 low-priced economy wagon.





Smoothest-riding wagons on the road. Famous Torsion-Aire suspension gives you a "cloud smooth" ride even on rough roads. Standard equipment on all our models.



More room, less noise. Solid, welded Unibody ends the major cause of squeaks and rattles, adds inches of space inside by getting rid of bulky body-on-top-of-frame construction.

Chrysler Corporation

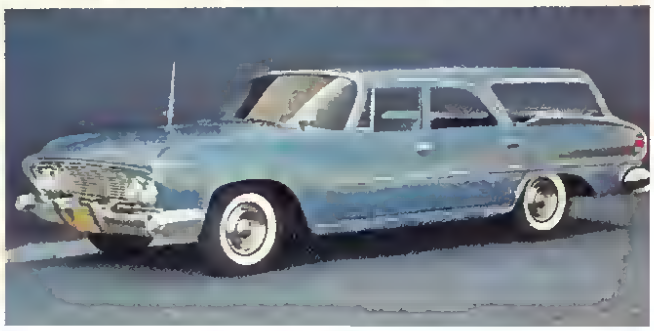
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NEW POLYESTER FIBER

$1.50, one can enjoy a full day's entertainment on the Pier, including a first-rate vaudeville bill, films, the Fun Houses and Crazyville, U.S.A., an exhibition by a diving horse and a lecture about "the transparent woman," a figure made out of glass and plastic.

I raised the window and drank in great gulps of the invigorating sea air. Although Mother had instructed me to take a nap upon my arrival, I simply could not wait to get on the Boardwalk. I opened my case, found my cap and scarf and hurried downstairs.

If you were to ask me, Bayard, what is the greatest single change in the Boardwalk since prewar days (World War I, of course) I should say without hesitation that it is the self-propelled, battery-powered roller chair. The conversion to these scientific marvels is not 100%, but if one is patient one can obtain one without too much delay. The significant thing about the powered roller chair is that the operator *sits* behind one and operates the controls from this position.

I, of course, waited until a powered chair became available. I have never felt it was quite right to be *pushed* by one's fellow man and, of course, in these troubled times, the battle for men's minds and all that, I firmly believe that it is time for all of us visiting Atlantic City to sit down and be counted.

As my chair glided noiselessly away from the Boardwalk entrance to the hotel, I took out my notebook and consulted some of the interesting facts about the Boardwalk that I had gleaned in a quick check of the excellent library at the Glenville-Blanchflower.

Did you know, Bayard, that the Boardwalk will be 91 years old this June? And that it was conceived, not primarily as the grand promenade we know today but simply as the device of an innkeeper to keep the patrons from tracking sand into his lobby? The original Boardwalk was only eight feet wide and a mile long. Today's walk is eight miles long and sixty feet wide and, lined as it is by shops and auction rooms and booths offering all manner of health foods and the celebrated salt-water taffy, endlessly fascinating.

Not enough stress has been placed (in my opinion) on the educational values of the Boardwalk. I refer specifically to the lectures concerning health foods. As we glided along in the powered chair, I directed the operator to stop at several booths where lectures were in progress. At the first the lecturer delivered a bitter

continued



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With the Nikkorex-8 you simply push a button for perfect movies. No exposure settings, no focusing—not even a spring to wind!

Light, compact—the Nikkorex-8 slips easily into pocket or handbag. Goes with you everywhere — always ready for action. Has automatic electric eye, universal focus lens and battery-operated electric motor.

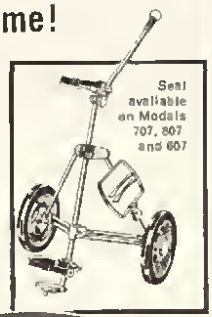
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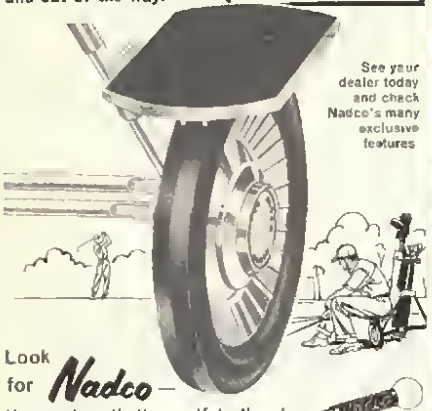
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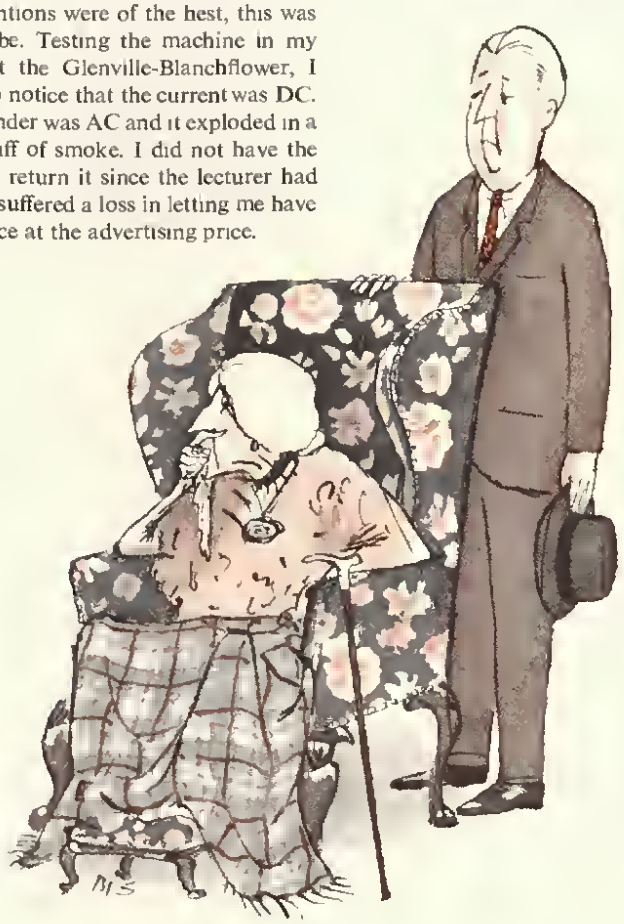
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attack on aspirin. He said there was absolutely no need to take aspirin if one took the proper daily amount of certain vitamins. He was most persuasive and I purchased a bottle of vitamin capsules (at less than half price) and made a note to tell Mother about the hazards of aspirin. She has been eating them like candy for the past 60 years.

At the next booth we came upon, the lecturer was demonstrating a remarkable electric vegetable blender into which he put raw eggs—shells and all—celery, an unpeeled lemon ("a rich source of the reproductive vitamins"), raw cabbage, carrots, beets and pineapple. This was blended into a delicious and refreshing drink as I discovered when free samples were passed around. The lecturer denounced sleeping pills and calf's-foot jelly and said that a daily glass of the blended vegetables would strengthen toenails and fingernails and induce sound, restful sleep. The price of the blender was $69.95, but it was being sold on this day for $39.95. The difference would be charged off to advertising. I purchased the blender, promising to demonstrate it for my friends in order to justify the special advertising price. Alas, although my intentions were of the best, this was not to be. Testing the machine in my room at the Glenville-Blanchflower, I failed to notice that the current was DC. The blender was AC and it exploded in a great puff of smoke. I did not have the heart to return it since the lecturer had already suffered a loss in letting me have the device at the advertising price.

There are a number of "musts" along the Boardwalk. One should not miss sampling the Taylor Pork Roll, nor a shore dinner at Hackney's (which can serve 3,000 persons at a single sitting), the splendid buffet lunch in the Fjord Room at Hotel Dennis and the hot roast-beef sandwiches at Childs. However, for myself, I enjoyed nothing quite so much as the social evenings at my hotel. The social director was most inventive and something was going on all the time, with wheel chairs fairly racing through the great lobby and the game room filled with the merry cries of the middle-aged crowd as they played billiards, ping-pong and table shuffleboard. A musicale was given every evening and there were a number of informal symposiums. One symposium subject was "Recent Reading I've Liked." It was at this pleasant affair that I myself won warm applause for an extemporaneous account of a recent *Reader's Digest* article on the care of the feet, stressing the importance of changing one's shoes from day to day. It was voted "most appropriate" with so many Boardwalk strollers present. Only one mishap marred the social calendar. At a Saturday evening dance a senior citizen of advanced seniority thoughtlessly



popped two pieces of salt-water taffy into his mouth (some young person had passed a box around), and soon the old gentleman was uttering the most frightening groans. Panic spread through the room and pillboxes appeared as if by magic. However, the hotel staff was prepared for just such emergencies. A swift examination of the groaning old man revealed that the salt water taffy had brought on a case of locked dentures. He was carried out to be treated by a resident dentist.

The incident cast a pall on the festivities and people began to drift off to their rooms. I decided to take a turn on the Boardwalk before retiring It was a beautiful night with a full moon and I stood at the railing of the walk looking out at the sea and listening to the gently rolling surf. I was suddenly very tired, and I thought to myself that perhaps travel had become (as Mother insists) too frantic in the high-speed age. A feeling of melancholy came over me as it sometimes does when I watch the sea.

But then there was suddenly the sound of singing. I turned around and beheld a parade of perhaps eight roller chairs. In the first chair, which she shared with a man who was clearly of executive caliber in the business world, was my seat companion of the bus trip, the red-haired young woman who operated the secretarial service. In the chairs following were more young—even younger—women, each accompanied by an executive type. I thought to cry out to my friend of the bus trip, but decided against that. Instead I listened to the words of the song all were singing so joyously. It was *On the Boardwalk at Atlantic City*.

I have never been so moved in my life, Bayard. My spirits were lifted enormously. With such young people about, Bayard, and with such energetic executives fairly radiating confidence in our free-enterprise system, I felt a little proud to be (along with Mother) a shareholder in so many of our great corporations.

But one does tire. I shall return home tomorrow. I do not feel up to the high-speed bus. I shall take the train, changing at North Philadelphia, and, of course, there will be stops at Trenton, Princeton Junction, New Brunswick and Newark. It will not be high speed, but I am in the mood for leisurely travel and there will be rest rooms on every car. And Mother cannot object. She forbade me to ride on the New Haven Railroad. I shall be taking the Pennsylvania.

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Photographs by Jerry Cooke

HOME FOR A DESIGNING JOCKEY

Bill Hartack's luxurious bachelor quarters in Florida reflect the independent spirit for which he is famous and his own developing tastes in interior decoration

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Bill Hartack has led the nation in four of the last six years in races won. In the same period he probably has set some kind of record for friends lost because of his independent ways and sharp tongue. He has also taken up many things that are strange for a jockey—water skiing, bowling, softball—and does them all extremely well.

Hartack has now gone even further afield, into interior decoration. He draws detailed plans for all the changes he makes in his Miami Springs, Fla. home and chooses and orders all the furnishings himself (*opposite and following page*). "At one time," he says, "I thought about taking some night-school courses in interior design but I just never got around to it. Instead, I pick up ideas traveling around and visiting different homes in New York, New Jersey and Chicago and I read household and art magazines."

When Hartack bought his home it was 50 feet by 60 feet. Now, after two major renovations, it is 80 feet by 120 feet. It has three baths, a kitchen, a room for entertaining, a television room and two bedrooms. Hartack himself installed the paneling in the TV room (*opposite*). He is constantly looking for new things to help brighten up the place. He bought the tiger rug shown on the next page from a young boy from Afghanistan who was going to school in Florida. Although he will not admit it, some of the things he values most are the little rewards (ashtrays, silver cigarette boxes) that a jockey gets for winning important races. Hartack makes sure all are kept brightly polished. When a finger mark appears he makes sure it is removed quickly.

Hartack is an excellent host. Although he doesn't drink much himself, he keeps his bar well stocked. He used to leave the front door unlocked 24 hours a day, until the night two gunmen appeared, pushed Bill and a few friends around and heisted $600. The thieves were under the mistaken impression that Hartack was paid daily in cash at the track and that their take would run into the thousands. The incident led to two innovations. A peephole was installed in the front door, and it is no longer left unlocked 24 hours a day.

While he is difficult to talk to at the race track, Hartack will invite reporters to his home for interviews. He then strikes a pose—sitting on the floor or at the bar—and talks for long periods, saying exactly what is on his mind. In one such talk, he explained his theory on what really makes Hartack ride. "I don't honestly believe that racing owes me anything or that I owe racing anything. I want to do the best I possibly can. I'm not trying to be a public relations man, I'm just trying to be a jockey. When I earn enough, I'll get out." This same independence is reflected in his home.

IN TV ROOM, where he conducts business, Hartack telephones owner of horse he will ride later.





HARTACK SITS AT GUEST BAR IN MAIN ROOM, WHICH IS DECORATED BY RUG IN SHAPE OF AN ARTIST'S PALETTE

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BOWLING / *George Walsh*

The Classic: sweat, misery and cash

Viscous alleys and logs in the Pinspotters make the Petersen a frustrating tournament, but the money can't be beat



THE PETERSEN'S DINGY, SECOND-FLOOR LOCATION DRAWS EAGER

The chorus of complaint raised by disgruntled bowlers during the Petersen Classic—America's most preposterous bowling tournament—is as formidable as the list of prizes the Classic offers. One complaint is that there is so much oil on the alleys the ball can barely reach the pins. "A man could drown out there," the bowlers say. Another is that the pins themselves are really logs. "They use trees but they don't remove the roots." Still another is that the very atmosphere of the ancient arena where the Petersen is rolled throws a man off his game. "What are they trying to do?" the bowlers wail. "Push the sport back 20 years?"

This last complaint is not without basis. In more modern establishments, where bowlers are offered inducements that include fashion shows, free buffets and child psychologists, alleys are called lanes. At the Petersen, where bowlers are offered only sweat and tears—plus cold cash—alleys are called alleys.

The Petersen is held on the second floor of a shabby-walled, musty-aired building on Chicago's dingy-gray South Side, and it admittedly belongs to a bygone age of bowling. Yet its fat prizes perennially attract bowlers from all over the country. This 51st Petersen, moreover, is the biggest and the richest thus far. A total of 12,768 bowlers, each of whom has paid a $37 entry fee, are vying for $331,968 in prizes. They come into Chicago for a day, roll eight games, and then go home. If they score high enough in a particular category, they sweat it out at home—hoping that subsequent bowlers won't score higher. When the six-month-long Petersen ends, on June 25, and the prizes are handed out, one of every three competitors is likely to earn some cash. Most important, the Classic's top scorer will win $27,500—tournament bowling's largest prize.

This fantastic tournament was founded in 1921 by a genial reactionary named Louis Petersen. He envisioned the Classic as revealing, not how high a man could score, but how well he could bowl under adverse conditions. Toward this end, he lavished oil on the alleys, mixed heavy pins with light pins, and occasionally (so the legend goes) sent a pigeon gliding across the approaches. Sometimes Petersen would stop play to congratulate a hot bowler. By the time he finished talking, the man's game had generally turned cold as the wind off Lake Michigan.

Unpredictable alleys

Though Petersen died in 1958, the Classic's traditions have been kept intact. "Sure, the alleys are unpredictable," says pensive, poker-faced Mark Collor, the tournament's current president. "That's the reason the tournament keeps growing. The average bowler knows he has a chance against the big-name pros." Collor's only regret is that the original alleys had to be replaced several years ago. "We didn't want to change them," he says, "but they were almost 50 years old, and the boards had spread so much we couldn't keep them lacquered."

Nonetheless, Collor emphasizes that his unpredictable alleys are strictly in accord with American Bowling Congress regulations. "We slick the alleys down by dressing them with a heavier grade of oil than is normally used," he says. "But the dressing is uniform, and it's perfectly legal." As far as the weight of the pins is concerned, Collor points out it may not vary by more than four ounces in any one set. "But," he says, allowing himself a rare smile, "the different sets of pins across the Petersen's alleys may vary as much as 12 ounces. Some bowlers find they can't adjust to it."

The Petersen hazards, of course, are as much psychological as physical. Before a squad of bowlers is admitted to the dimly lit, low-ceilinged arena where the alleys are located, Collor and his cohorts wander among them, freely lending encouragement. "Don't worry, Rudy," Collor will say, "we're only using the five-pound pins." Behind tightly shut steel doors, attendants slowly dress down the alleys. "Whoosh!" a bowler sighs impatiently. "They must have gotten in a fresh load of oil." At last the bowlers rush inside, to a recording of martial music, and the competition begins. After each game they change alleys. "I can't be this bad," one may mutter. "Oh yes, you are," he will be told. Almost three hours later, after rolling eight games across 16 alleys, the bowlers vacate the arena for the next squad (as many as five different squads bowl each day) and prepare to go home. "I'll never come back," the low-score men moan. But Collor remains imperturbable. They will be back.

What all these vagaries produce year after year are prizewinning amateurs (a bowling amateur is anyone who doesn't



COMPETITORS FROM ALL OVER THE U.S.

earn his entire living from the lanes) whose names are quite unknown, and whose scores—especially considering the handicaps they face—are quite impressive. Currently leading the Petersen (and hoping to collect the $27,500) is a lathe operator from Dayton, Ohio named Dale Whisler, who posted an eight-game total of 1689 for a 211 average. In second place (for $13,750) is an unemployed truck driver from Warrensville, Ohio named Frank Sospirato, who rolled 1657 for a 207 average. In third place (for $6,500) is a bowling alley proprietor from North Canton, Ohio named Phil Audi, who rolled 1655—also a 207 average. Not since Buddy Bomar of Chicago won the Petersen in 1947, in fact, has a big-name professional captured the championship.

Mechanical pros

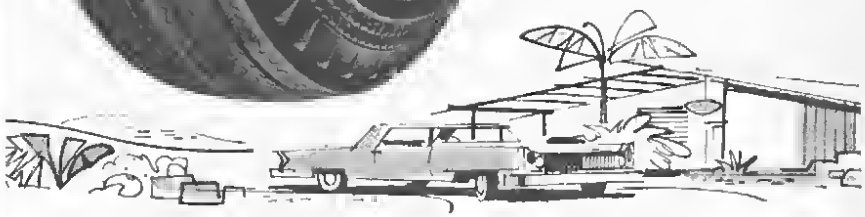
The failure of the pros is readily explained by Al Stepan, the tournament's secretary. "They're too mechanical," he says. "They line up, they make their approach, and the rest is reaction. When they encounter unusual conditions, they can't adapt fast enough."

Still, the pros keep coming. A half-dozen big-name bowlers showed up recently at the Petersen. Among them was Therm Gibson of Detroit, who earlier this year won $75,000 by rolling six straight strikes on TV's *Jackpot Bowling*. By the time he completed his games, Gibson had only managed an 188 average (compared to his regular 224). "I would have stopped coming here 20 years ago," he said in disgust, "but nobody else would." **END**

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Preview postscript

There still is no clear favorite for this Saturday's 87th Kenlucky Derby. Last week's two prep races did not clarify the picture. An 11-to-1 shot, Sherluck, won the 1⅛-mile Blue Grass Stakes by six lengths. Two days later Light Talk captured the seven-furlong Stepping Stone by a neck from On His Metal, while the favored Garwol ran last.

Sherluck's victory was impressive enough to move this dark bay son of Correspondent into serious contention with Four-and-Twenty, Carry Back, Crozier, Globemaster and Ambiopoise. He ran his Blue Grass just the way Globemaster ran his Wood Memorial: on the lead all the way, and his time, 1:48⅘, was very good indeed. Furthermore, he went on to the full mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance in 2:01⅗—which is good enough to make even the most skeptical railbirds take notice.

The Blue Grass favorite, Flutterby, overtook tired horses and finished second, but he was not gaining on the winner at the wire. He has at least been consistent this season: he runs second and third more often than he wins, and I cannot believe he will win Saturday.

Sherluck is not entirely new to followers of this in-and-out crop of 3-year-olds. He was second to Carry Back in the Everglades and fourth to him in the Flamingo. Trainer Harold Young used Braulio Baeza on Sherluck in the Blue Grass but he is switching to Eddie Arcaro for the Derby.

With Arcaro aboard, the chances are that Sherluck will not try to run on the lead in the Derby, but will settle in just behind the first bunch until the far turn. There will be plenty of pace—with Four-and-Twenty, Crozier, Light Talk and Globemaster. Coming from behind will be Carry Back, Ambiopoise, Dr. Miller, Ronnie's Ace and Flutterby. Nothing that happened last week leads me to change my opinion that at the finish it will be a battle between Carry Back and Four-and-Twenty. **END**



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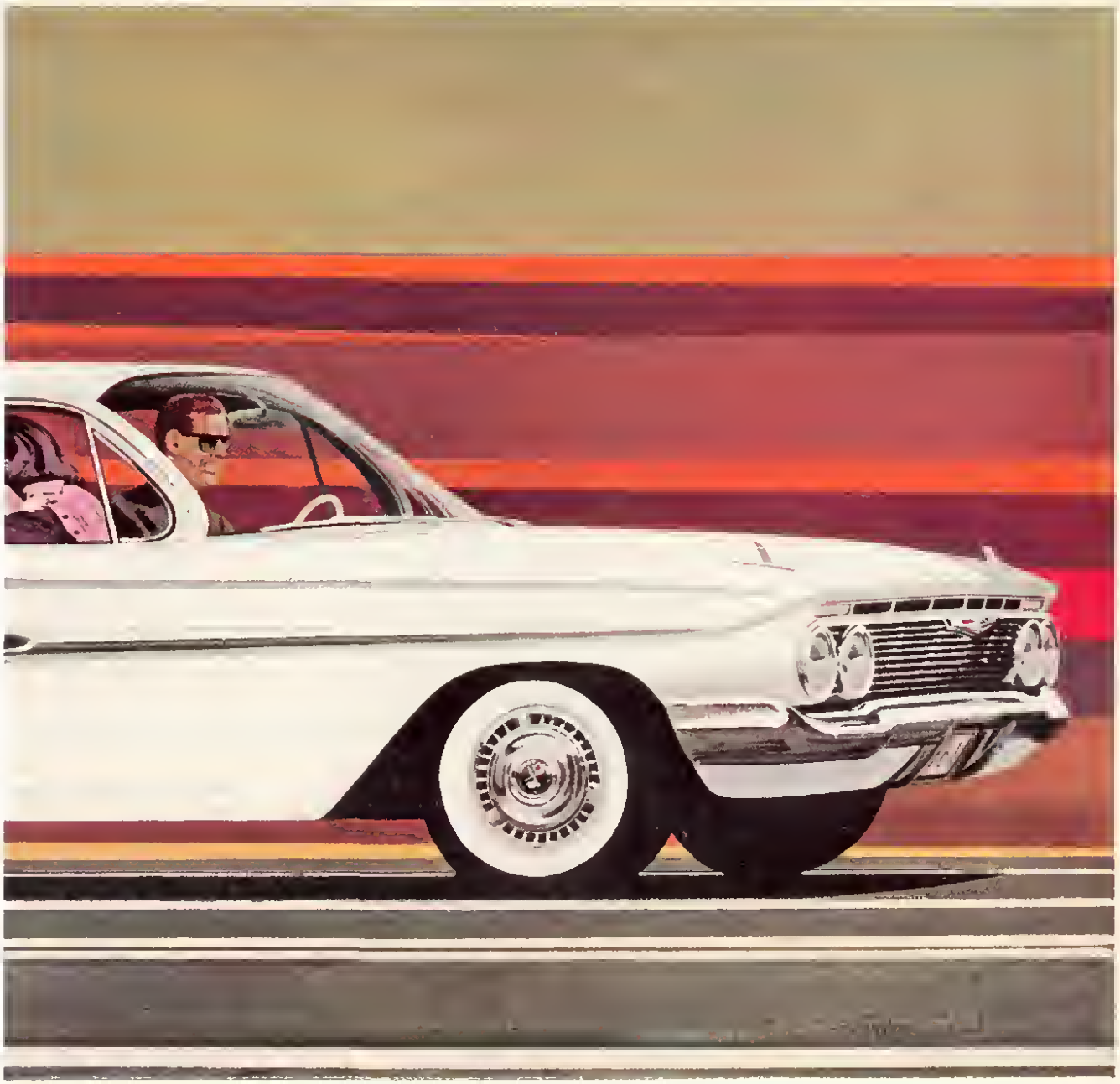


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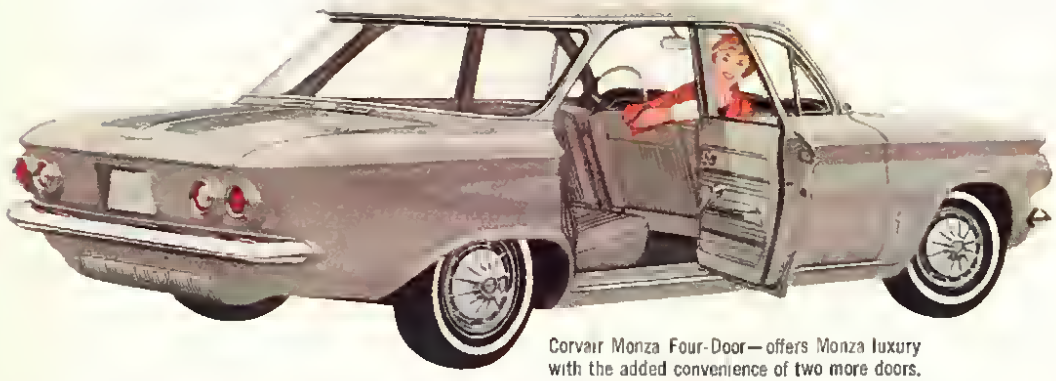
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*Individual bucket-type front seats are standard on the Monza Two-Door and an extra-cost option on Monza Four-Door.



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CHEVY CORVAIR corvair

CHESS / *Edmund Stevens*

The young Botvinnik

An aging champion created a new training technique to recover the fire of youth—and his title

For the past two months Mikhail Botvinnik has been playing Mikhail Tal in Moscow for the chess championship of the world, and he has become what he never was before—a dramatic hero, a popular favorite. What is stranger still is that Botvinnik is now playing chess as if he enjoyed it, rather than as if he were performing a patriotic duty. Part of the reason for his élan is that he won 6 of the first 11 games of the 25-game match —which put him so far ahead that he was virtually certain of regaining the title which he lost to Tal in an upset last year. Some of Botvinnik's new zest comes from the always-thrilling drama of the comeback: at 49 he was a decided underdog against the 24-year-old Tal.

The elation of victory might be enough to explain Botvinnik's high spirits, but it cannot account for the artistry and the high qualitative level of the Tal-Botvinnik games. The chess news was not that Botvinnik won the crucial games, but the way he won them. Some of his games belong with the best in chess literature. Experts say he is playing better now than he ever has.

When he lost the title to Tal last year this amazingly methodical master merely glanced wearily at his young opponent, slipped away unnoticed while the crowd was cheering the new champion, and set about getting his title back. Botvinnik has a responsible post in the Ministry of Electrical Power Stations; he went each day to his office, but he also put himself in fine physical condition, skating, skiing and swimming, while he patiently dissected Tal's chess style. He reasoned that he had underestimated Tal, whose knack for audacious improvising threw him off balance by its very unorthodoxy.

Botvinnik himself is the most orthodox of champions. As the first Russian sport figure to become known abroad, back in the early '30s, Botvinnik became an institution, a hater of the cult of personality, famous in Russia as a man whose entire life was planned and predetermined. He always prepared for his matches with rigorous discipline, did not smoke or drink and went into seclusion for the last five days before a match, for rest and meditation. "We Soviet masters," he said loftily, "know we are performing a socially valuable, a cultural activity, that we are bringing benefit to the Soviet state."

Edge of disaster

For his match with Tal, however, he went far beyond his past routine, training mentally and physically with a will and perseverance that would have crumbled mountains. In secret he worked out the surprises he meant to spring on the world's master of surprise in chess. And it paid off. Tal on his part was having a fine time as the youngest world champion ever, playing a stiff 10-week schedule of tournaments abroad, displaying to crowds in Stockholm and Prague the dazzling style that he himself described as showing a liking "for balancing on the edge of disaster." Against relatively weak opponents (weaker at any rate than Botvinnik) Tal's ceaseless striving for brilliance led to victories, but they generated overconfidence. Tal also missed a lot of sleep, became a chain-smoker and ran into a bad bout with kidney stones before the match.

So Botvinnik, rugged and fit, looked youthfully vigorous compared to Tal when the match began. "This is Botvinnik's second youth!" said Salo Flohr, a Czechoslovakian master who has become an elder statesman of Russian chess. Flohr's analysis was that Botvinnik was creating chessboard situations that denied Tal the opportunity to work his bold combinations. He was maneuvering Tal into simple positions where Tal, an artist in complexity, felt unsure of himself: "This goads Tal into reckless experiments that would be too much for him even if he were in good form."



A NERVOUS TAL paces and watches as Botvinnik calmly plans his winning moves.

As Botvinnik's margin increased (the score was 10½ to 6½ after 17 games, so two victories would give Botvinnik back his title) experts began to complain that Tal was perhaps really a flash in the pan. He was called a victim of chess fatigue. His once-sensational innovations were now labeled eccentric. It was said he had burnt himself out and, unlike Botvinnik, could never come back. Such comments missed the point of the creative effect Tal's games have had on Botvinnik. They have galvanized the old master into chess that is more inspired and original than that with which he first won the title 13 years ago. They might well have beaten any other player on earth except the ex-world champion who had prepared himself so thoroughly to meet them. And they proved pretty convincingly that Botvinnik belongs with the best chess players of all time. **END**

The Design Award winners

Emilio Pucci becomes the first European to win the Sporting Look Award, while New York's Jeanne Essig is selected as the Designer of the Year

Emilio Pucci, the Italian marchese who gave the international set its uniform of Pucci pants, Pucci shirts and Pucci silk-knit dresses, and Jeanne Essig, a New York designer whose coordinated sportsclothes sell at modest prices, are the winners of the sixth annual SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Design Awards. More than 500 retailers and fashion writers voted in the annual competition. Pucci will receive the Sporting Look Award and Miss Essig the Designer of the Year Award at a ceremony in New York June 8.

Pucci, the first foreign sportswear designer to be honored, is as colorful a personality as anyone working in the field of fashion. The scion of a Florentine family that dates back to Renaissance Italy, he has created clothes that are worn all over the world. Women who buy one Pucci garment usually become collectors of





EMILIO PUCCI, who works in his family's thousand-year-old Palazzo Pucci in Florence, creates travel and sports clothes for women who set styles at international ski and sun resorts. At right a modern Roman models one of Pucci's "capsulas," which is made of stretch fabric.

them, particularly the tight tapered pants that he introduced in dozens of colors and fabrics. They combine the pants with the brilliantly patterned silk shirts that also are a Pucci specialty.

The current rage of Pucci collectors is a silk jersey tube dress that weighs only ounces and can be folded up to handkerchief size. According to Lord & Taylor, one of Pucci's biggest retail outlets in the U.S., many women own 12 to 15 of these dresses (they sell for about $100) and wear them as a status symbol of international travel.

Pucci's success—he grosses about $3 million a year—can be accounted for in part by the fact that his designs are simple and, once they are established, don't change. Pucci's way of fitting tapered pants made them feminine and flattering. He felt that the feminine hipline was neglected in fashion, and developed a girdle that lifted, instead of flattening, the buttocks. Pucci feels that this girdle, made by a U.S. company, should be worn with Pucci pants and with his form-revealing knitted dresses. His newest interest is stretch fabric, of the sort used for his "capsulas," one of which is shown at left. "These are the fabrics of the future," Pucci says.

A gentler trend

The famous shock colors—pink, turquoise, acid greens—that Pucci introduced to the sportswear world in the past decade are now softening into muted pinks and grays. His bold geometric prints are gentling into blocks of color separated by curving, entwined lines. Pucci's new romanticism is based on a conviction that mankind has had a surfeit of perfect mechanical forms. "When a man has seen the aerodynamic shape of a Caravelle jet at an airport," he says sardonically, "he doesn't need aerodynamic furniture."

The marchese was one of Italy's most highly decorated pilots in World War II, is a crack skier and a sports car enthusiast. Pucci's friends believe that he is strongly influenced by his wife, Cristina, whom he married in 1959. She is a handsome blonde, who presented him with a son 15 months ago and is now expecting a second child.

Designer Jeanne Essig, whose clothes are produced by a sportswear firm in New York called Majestic Specialties, Inc., operates in the hurly-burly of Seventh Avenue but has a cool and collected approach to design that is not unlike Pucci's. Miss Essig is the darling of American retailers and of the customer who likes to put together her own look in sports clothes. The Essig designs are simple and uncluttered, and can be worn in almost endless combinations of the wearer's own choice.

To provide retailers and customers with the variety of clothing types and weights needed for different seasons and climates, Miss Essig produces five different collections a year, with 150 pieces in each collection. The ingredients she provides include sweaters, skirts, blouses, pants, shorts, jackets, coats, playsuits, playdresses and even such specialized designs as tennis dresses. A sweater in an Essig collection is designed to go with any one of five different skirts, three different pairs of pants and the tennis dress.

Until she started working with Majestic in 1953 all of these items were produced by different manufacturers and the job of putting complete outfits together was left to the department store buyer and the women who wanted to wear them. Now Majestic's coordinated groups are carried in 3,000 stores, and the firm is listed on the American Stock Exchange as doing a volume of $22 million a year. Miss Essig is vice-president of the firm in charge of design—one of the few designers in New York's garment industry to have this distinction.

Designer Essig is a composed woman who is married to George Breitbart, a New York psychiatrist. They have two sons, John, 8, and Douglas, 5. The family lives in a comfortable, sprawling apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. Miss Essig goes to work every day at 10 and is home with her husband and children again by 6. In this last respect she differs sharply from Pucci, who—though a devoted family man—moves constantly from continent to continent in a continuing search for fashion ideas and inspirations. **END**



JEANNE ESSIG, designer for Majestic, plans multitudes of separates from which women can assemble their own wardrobes. Below a model shows typical Essig design, a clean-lined playsuit.





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putt first, Player pulled a coin from his pocket and gave it a flip in a way that could have been offensively showy if done by someone less unself-consciously charming than Player. It was obviously a small play to the gallery, but it was fun and attractive the way he did it, and it was performed at the right time. In show business they call his technique timing.

Player's flair for showmanship is also evident in his clothes. He favors black, he says, "because it makes me feel stronger. Black is a color that retains heat and I feel as if it makes me supple. It helps me pivot." Even so, Player is well aware that black has become a personal signature for him like Salvador Dali's mustachios. Once or twice during a tournament he will relieve this pitchy costume with something equally flamboyant—the pink trousers, for example, or, as in the British Open last year, slacks that have one black leg and one white. When you see Player on the course there is no mistaking him for someone else, and that is his intention.

Another of Player's ostentations is his hair. In the last couple of years he has taken to wearing it very short on top so that it stands up almost like a crew cut, but on the sides it is very long and flows sweepingly astern. In the locker room it takes Player minutes of careful grooming to get his hair meticulously in place, and despite the ribbing he gets about it from some of the pros the effect is a good one. He emerges as a handsome man—his well-chiseled face glowing healthily tan under his full head of hair, the shiny whites of his eyes accentuating the deep color of the irises and the white-white teeth perfectly symmetrical.

Although Player willingly acknowledges his love of the drama of tournament golf, he firmly believes that his greatest asset under the pressure of competition comes from "guts." He translates this as "my belief"—that is, his spiritual faith. Player carries a Bible with him wherever he goes and tries to read a little of it every night before he goes to sleep. Another book he carries and reads often is *The Imitation of Christ*, a volume that was a gift from Tom Nieporte, one of his closest friends among the touring pros. Like Player, Nieporte gives a lot of attention to the spiritual side of life, and Player describes him as "one of the finest men you could ever meet anywhere."

A family man to his finger tips, Player spends most of his off hours with his wife and the children when they are traveling with him. He has an old-fashioned belief in the importance of discipline, and recently when Jenny, a gay and chubby little girl, refused to obey her father's order to leave the bedside telephone alone, he shook his finger in her face and shouted sternly, "If you do that *again, I'll whack you.*"

In the evening after the children have gone to bed, Gary and Vivienne Player are apt to lie on the beds in their motel room and watch television. Then, perhaps, Gary will play a few records on the stereo phonograph. His taste in music runs to Nat King Cole, Elvis Presley and other popular moderns that have caught the fancy of the younger generation. "Gary has a nice feeling for music," Vivienne says in her quiet, wifely way. "It relaxes him. I think he could learn to play an instrument very quickly if he ever decided to take one up."

Deserving father

The family unity of the Players lies deep. Player is extremely close to his 61-year-old father, and when he began to make money out of golf he was able to get his father out of the mines and set him up in business supplying equipment to mining companies. He also has a deep affection for his brother Ian, a South African game warden, and his married sister Wilma. Player's mother died when he was only 8, so he was raised by his father, who has had to serve in the capacity of both parents. This summer, for the second time in his brief career, Player is giving his father a trip to the British Open. "He deserves it," Gary says. "He's been a wonderful father to me."

It was Player's father, a two-handicap left-handed golfer some years ago, who started him in golf. When Gary was 15 his father gave him a rudimentary set of golf clubs and the lad took them out for a round at the Virginia Park course in the country near Johannesburg. By then he was already a fine natural athlete, and he shot par on the first three holes he ever played. Among those who were impressed was Jock Verwey, the pro at Virginia Park. He was soon giving young Player lessons.

A lot of Player's early golf was played with Verwey's daughter Vivienne, who was a year younger than he and an excellent golfer in her own right, later playing to a two handicap. They became sweethearts, and Player now says proudly,

continued

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"She's the only girl I ever had." They were married in 1956, the year of Player's second trip abroad.

Until he began to make a go of it as a touring pro, Player worked at Virginia Park as an assistant to Verwey, helping to repair clubs, giving occasional lessons and practicing in the early morning and far into the night. Today the Players' only home is with the Verweys in their house in Johannesburg, although Gary has a chicken farm in the country and hopes soon to build a house of his own.

What with the duties of motherhood, Vivienne hasn't played a round of golf since Jenny was born. But she is the ideal golf wife. She loves to follow her husband around the course, is considerate enough to remain anonymous in the crowd, but will respond intelligently if he should want to talk about his playing problems, as he sometimes does. A pretty girl of about Player's height (5 feet 7½ inches), with an athletic figure and brown hair streaked with blonde, Vivienne certainly rates among the more comely of the golfing wives.

Possibly because the current political turmoil in Africa is so much in the news, there have been rumors that Player is a passionate supporter of the apartheid policies of the Nationalist government of Hendrik Verwoerd. Actually, he is pretty much of an apolitical animal who is quick to explain that "I've had very little time in my life for learning much about politics. But I will say this," he goes on. "Any government that is elected by the people of South Africa will do its best for the entire country. I know that. And with the white people in our country in such a minority, you couldn't very well give the blacks complete freedom and power. All you have to do is look at the trouble in the Congo to realize it wouldn't be very long before the blacks would chop off all our heads."

Ever since he sprang into the headlines, a great deal has been made of Player's fetish for physical fitness. There is no doubt that it has helped him maintain his peak form consistently. When he was in his teens Player built up his physique with strenuous calisthenics and weight lifting, but he had to give up the latter in 1958 after an operation for bone chips in his elbow. Now he confines himself mostly to finger-tip push-ups and



SHOWMAN PLAYER SHOWS SHOWMAN PERRY COMO A FEW GOLFING TRICKS

deep knee bends and a few basic yoga exercises that he is learning out of a book and which he thinks will help him with his concentration.

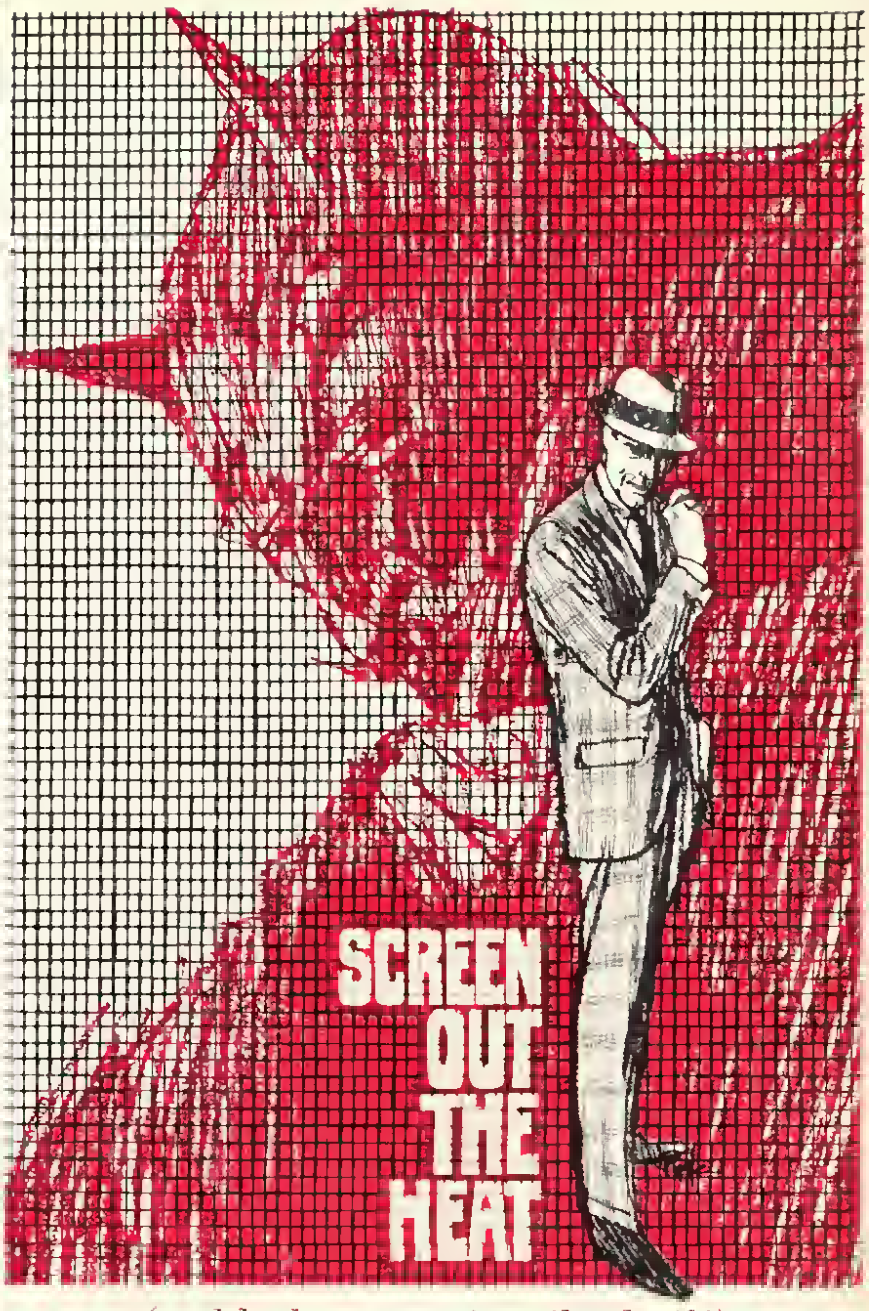
Player's diet also comes in for considerable attention, but actually it is based mostly on common sense. He steers clear of fried foods and lives on such basic commodities as broiled steaks, baked potatoes, honey and other energy-replete items. In his luggage he keeps boxes of dried fruit like prunes and apricots and raisins, and he always takes some in his golf bag to nibble on when he gets hungry. He passes these around to the other players when they want them, and before long the dried-fruit habit could become a fad. The problem of eating in the middle of a round of tournament golf has always been a stickler for golfers.

New woods and irons

The only major change in Player's life since his sudden success has come as a result of the bonanza of endorsements that always fall to a new sports hero. Player, who signed a new contract last fall as one of the pros on the staff of the First Flight Co., one of the smaller of the golf equipment manufacturers, was given a $5,000 bonus by the company after he won the Masters. He has been promised another $10,000 if he ends up as the year's leading money winner on the circuit. In addition, First Flight is putting out a set of woods and irons bearing Player's signature, and on these he will get a percentage of the sales.

Player can't even begin to guess how much his new success will add to his income. "It might be anything—$30,000, $100,000, anything," he says. To handle all the requests for his endorsement and personal appearances, Player has retained a young business manager-agent who has been performing the same services for Arnold Palmer.

Since self-discipline is the most predominant characteristic in Gary Player's arsenal of worthwhile personal qualities, it would be surprising, even shocking, if it took him long to adjust to all the pushing and pulling that distract a golf celebrity from his work. Player may not enjoy this bustle and confusion the way Arnold Palmer does, for he has some very definite ideas about the sanctity of his private life, but he also has an immense respect for money. As long as these annoying byproducts of success are profitable, it is a cinch that Player will learn to live with them. **END**



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AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 YEARS

by ROY TERRELL

The improbable saga of J. Winkfield, jockey, who galloped away from two straight Kentucky Derby victories to become a Phileas Fogg on horseback. He rode winners from Warsaw to Moscow to Paris, escaped Bolsheviks and Nazis, became a famous French trainer. This Saturday he returns to Churchill Downs

On an April morning in 1919 a trim little man with large hands and bowlegs sat on the edge of his cot in a stable on the outskirts of Odessa and considered the sounds that came to him through the Ukrainian dawn. Mostly he heard only familiar, comforting things: the soft snort of horses awakening in their stalls, the myriad, sibilant noises of a spring thaw, a bird chirping bravely in a tree, the muted rumble of ice breaking up in the Black Sea. But intruding upon these, coming down from the north across the miles of the city itself, there were ominous, unfamiliar sounds, and after listening for a while, Jimmy Winkfield knew what they were. The Russian Revolution was moving south.

"This ain't no longer a fit place," he told himself, "for a small colored man from Chilesburg, Kentucky to be."

So Winkfield pulled on his boots, saddled up a horse and set out on a ride that makes Paul Revere's look like a gallop through Central Park. By the time he pulled into Warsaw two months later, Winkfield had covered over 1,000 miles, down into Rumania as far as Bucharest, up past the Transylvanian Alps, through a corner of Hungary and Czechoslovakia and across half of Poland. And with him he took 200 of the best Thoroughbreds to be found in Czarist Russia, including brood mares and foals, enough horseflesh to start one of the great racing stables of history—except that quite a few of the better prospects were eaten along the way.

If Winkfield had only thought to stop at an occasional farmhouse and startle the peasants out of their wits by yelling, "The Bolsheviks are coming," perhaps he would have gone down in song and story, too. As it is, hardly anyone knows about Jimmy Winkfield's best ride. In fact, hardly anyone knows about Jimmy Winkfield. He seldom stayed in one place long enough to become a legend.

Still, he is the stuff of which legends are made. As a jockey, he was one of the great ones, winning the Kentucky Derby twice, in 1901 and 1902, and finishing second and third in his other two rides, an average unequaled before or since. But instead of sticking around to become the most famous of Derby jockeys, as well he might have, Winkfield left America and the legends and poems to men like Isaac Murphy and Johnny Loftus and Earl Sande and Eddie Arcaro.

He went to Europe, where he rode in Poland and Austria and Germany and Russia, winning the Polish Derby, the Grand Prix de Baden, the Emperor's Purse, the Moscow Derby and the Russian Derby several times. He was making $100,000 a year when the Russian Revolution came along to discourage that sort of thing, and sent Winkfield fleeing for his small capitalistic life. He settled in France and won the Prix du Président de la République, the Grand Prix de Deauville, the Prix Eugène Adam and, at one time or another, just about every race of consequence on the Continent, including a handful in Italy and Spain. He was fourth among 24 starters in the St. Leger in his only English ride.

continued

In 1930, after 2,600 winners on tracks spanning a quarter of the globe, Winkfield retired as a jockey to devote all his efforts to training. He built a stable at Maisons-Laffitte, 12 miles northwest of Paris, and he was winning races as a trainer when the Nazis came along and chased him out. So Jimmy Winkfield went home, back to America where hardly anyone remembered him anymore, and got a job in Aiken, S.C. galloping horses and pitching hay for Pete Bostwick. One day Bostwick stopped by.

"Say, Winkfield," he said, "you aren't by any chance the Winkfield who won the Kentucky Derby, are you?"

"Yes, suh," said Jimmy. "I win it twice. In oh-one and oh-two."

"Well my goodness," said Pete Bostwick, shaking the little man's hand. "Where have you been all these years?"

"Well I tell you, Mr. Bostwick," said Winkfield, "I been around."

•

Jimmy Winkfield is 79 this spring. Most of the old horsemen he knew are gone now, and his own hair is gray. But he is still as straight and lean as a riding crop, and he gets up at 5 o'clock each morning to supervise the training schedule at Maisons-Laffitte, where he returned in 1953. "I do most of the work," says his son Robert, who rode for Ben Jones during the early years of World War II. "He just tells me all the things I'm doing wrong." When the workouts are over Winkfield will sometimes grab a fork and help shovel hay, more to show the stable boys how it should be done than anything else, for stable boys are not nearly so industrious today as they were when Jimmy Winkfield was young. Then, with the work done, Winkfield likes to sit around and wait for lunch in the late morning sun.

It is a pleasant place to sit in the sun. When the Germans left there was a good deal of remodeling to be done, but Winkfield has always produced winners somehow, even with a small stable in competition against the great and famous racing names of France, and today the 29 stalls are usually full. Inside the courtyard bounded by the stables there is the soft pebbled dirt of a walking ring and, inside this, a green lawn and the shade of a handful of lovely old trees. At the front of the property stands an 11-room house, its stuccoed walls faded a faint tan, its red tile roof slowly turning brown. Guarding the door is a large, faded dog named Prince who looks like Old Yeller. Prince is a reverse kind of watchdog, allowing all comers to enter the house, then biting them as they come out. Since his teeth are not very good now, it doesn't matter.

After lunch Winkfield goes to the races, at 2 o'clock in the summer, at 1 o'clock in the fall, to watch through a pair of battered binoculars while his horses run and jump at Longchamp or Saint-Cloud or Le Tremblay, at Fontainebleau or Compiègne or Enghien or right next door at Maisons-Laffitte, wherever a race meet is under way around Paris. At night he plays poker with other horsemen or talks about racing and days long past, at least when he can find someone who will listen.

"He's a good poker player," says Robert, "but he's even better talking about old times. He remembers everything."

There are things to remember.

Winkfield was born in Chilesburg, eight miles from Lexington, on April 12, 1882, and he was riding the country horses bareback when he was 7. He can remember sitting on the white fences, watching the beautiful, long-legged Thoroughbreds come down the neat roads, and he feels that maybe this is how he really learned to ride, watching others, wishing he were up there instead.

"In '96," he says, "I was goin' to school at nights and drivin' a carriage for some white folks durin' the day. Saturdays we would all go to the race track. I used to play marbles with the stable hands between races, and I got to know the people there. One day in the spring of '97 a man offered me a job at Latonia for $8 a month and board. I was rich.

"I galloped an old mare that year that won five races, and each time she win the owner give me $5 and the jockey $5.



Still spry at 79, Winkfield supervises training at Maisons-Laffitte.

Next spring Bub May hired me for $10 a month and board. His daddy was mayor of Lexington, and in the summer of '98 they took some horses to Chicago, to Hawthorne. That's where I rode my first race."

Winkfield had the No. 4 post position on a horse named Jockey Joe; it was a five-furlong race, but Jimmy never got there. "When the barrier broke," he says, "I took him right for the rail, right across in front of the three inside horses—and we all four went down. So the stewards had me up, and they asked me where I been ridin'. 'I jus' rode,' I told 'em. 'Ain't you never rode before, boy?' they asked me. 'No, sub,' I said. So they looked at one another for a while, and they put me afoot for a year."

The next time he rode—a year later—Winkfield won. The Mays had a 2-year-old filly named Evan Stock, which finished third one day at New York's old Brighton Beach track. When a man offered Bub May $10,000 for her Bub's father shook his head. "If somebody thinks that filly's worth that kind of money, then she must be better than we figured," he said. "When we get to Chicago let's give Winkfield a chance on her. I like the looks of that boy." So Jimmy went up on Evan Stock at Hawthorne, took her away on the jump and won from post to post. He won 39 races that fall at the old Lakeside track at Roby, Ind., where "it was so cold," according to Winkfield, "that your hands froze on the reins." Bub May signed him to a three-year contract for $25 a month.

"May brought him up," says Colonel Phil Chinn, the old Kentucky horse trader and one of the few left who remember Winkfield in those days, "but May never had to teach that boy how to ride. He was a natural from the start. He had no particular style; he just sat up there like a piece of gold."

"On the ground," said a European horseman years later, "Winkfield was a perfect gentleman. But in the saddle he was a demon."

Winkfield was the No. 3 jockey at the New Orleans Fair Grounds in the spring of 1900, and in May he went to Louisville for his first Kentucky Derby. The Derby was an old and famous race even then, going back to 1875, and the crowds behaved in much the same way as they do now. "They'd walk 20 miles to get there," says Winkfield, "and then couldn't find a place to sleep."

Winkfield's mount was Thrive, at 7 to 1, and for finishing third behind Lieut. Gibson Jimmy received $25 from Owner J. C. Cahn. "Usually I didn't get anything extra unless I won," says Winkfield, "and then only five or ten dollars."

In 1901 Bub May sold Winkfield's contract to Patrick Dunne for $8,000, and Jimmy went on to his first big year. Riding at 102 pounds, he won 161 races. He won the Latonia Derby, the Tennessee Derby, the Clark Handicap, and he believes he would have won the Detroit Derby instead of finishing second if he hadn't eaten so much watermelon just before the race. He set an American record of 1:18 4/5 for 6½ furlongs at Harlem Jockey Club track in Chicago aboard McChesney, the best American horse, according to Winkfield, that he ever rode. And that year he also won his first Kentucky Derby. He was 19.

"Twenty thousand people saw the Derby run," reported *The Thoroughbred Record* correspondent, a young man with a touch for the flowery phrase. "The grandstand was a monster hillside of beautiful costumes and shining faces. From the field it looked like a huge waterfall of color, from which at intervals came a roar not unlike that which one hears at Niagara. The beauty and manhood of Kentucky and Tennessee were there, each waiting the result with bated breath and distended nostrils."

Actually, it wasn't much of a race. "Alard Scheck was odds-on at 7 to 10," says Winkfield, "but His Eminence was the best horse that day. I got him away in front and stayed there. Was nothin' to it." His Eminence won by two lengths in 2:07 3/4, eased up, which brought the owner, F. B. Van Meter, a $4,850 purse and Winkfield a bonus of $500. It was the first start for His Eminence as a 3-year-old, and the colt won only one other race all year.

"The big one," says Winkfield, "was in 1902."

Alan-a-Dale was a chestnut colt by Halma, the 1895 Derby winner, out of Sudie McNairy. He belonged to Major Thomas Clay McDowell, a great-grandson of Henry Clay, and as a 2-year-old Alan-a-Dale won three out of four. But his legs were so bad that McDowell didn't dare start him in 1902 before the Derby. "We trained him in a sulky," says Winkfield. "The only time anybody got on his back was when he needed to be galloped fast."

The favorite in the four-horse field at Churchill Downs was Abe Frank at 3 to 5. Alan-a-Dale and The Rival, another McDowell colt, were an entry at 3 to 2, and Inventor was 11 to 1. Winkfield knew that of the two McDowell horses Alan-a-Dale was the better, at least if he held up, because he regularly worked them both. But to get Alan-a-Dale for the Derby, Winkfield had to pull a swifty.

"The major had contracted Nash Turner to ride one of the horses," says Winkfield, "and I'd ride the other. Nash was a good jockey, pretty famous by then, and he was a white boy, so he was goin' to get his pick. So for a month I pulled Alan-a-Dale in workouts, I never let him go better than 2:11 for a mile and a quarter, and all the time I galloped The Rival at about 2:09. So when Nash come down on the mornin' of the race, naturally he pick The Rival."

Although the entry went off at 3 to 2, bookies would bet the two horses separately. "The Rival was 2 to 1," says Winkfield, "but you could get 10 to 1 on Alan-a-Dale. I didn't have sense enough to bet on that race, only sense enough to win."

The Churchill Downs track in those days was covered by deep sand. Before a meeting the ground crew would push it to the outside, providing good running room along the rail but doubling the hazards outside. Winkfield made good use of the sand that day.

"Alan-a-Dale was a rapid good horse," he says, "and he broke so fast I lost my right stirrup. I fished for it, though, and I got it before we reached the stands. There's a lot of stories how I stole that race, did the half in 48 and no one

continued



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could catch me. Well, it wasn't a bit like that.

"Nash Turner led past the stands, but then I moved up on the turn and went into the lead by maybe three, four lengths goin' down the backstretch. Nash Turner was watchin' Coburn, the boy on Abe Frank, and Coburn was watchin' Nash and nobody was payin' much attention to me. I guess I went those first two quarters in about 25 apiece, and then I got ahold of him; I worried about those legs.

"So I was coastin' in front there, goin' around the turn, and I felt him beginnin' to bobble, gettin' weak in the legs. I still had a length at the ⅜ pole, but I was really holdin' him now, tryin' to save him. I knew I was goin' to have to do somethin' special to win that race

"So when the favorite come up on my shoulder I rode him out into that deep sand; it told on him and he stopped. The other two horses tried to come inside me, but I ducked back on the rail; then, when they tried to come around I took them outside, too, both at once. Just a little, you know, enough to get 'em in that sand. And that's all that saved me. Alan-a-Dale got across the finish line by a nose, and he pulled up lame. Never raced again that year."

The time was 2:08¾, and Major McDowell gave Winkfield and Turner $1,000 apiece.

"For a long time," Winkfield says, "people keep askin' me how come the second half of that race so slow. Well, I tell you why it was slow. I was ridin' four horses."



Father-son training team of Jimmy and Robert Winkfield in paddock at Paris track.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the famous old gentleman who was to train three later Derby winners, Gallant Fox, Omaha and Johnstown, didn't know Winkfield, but he knew of him. "I was riding on the outlaw tracks," says Mr. Fitz, "and he was in the big time. But I heard of him, of course, and he must have been one of the great ones. They were horsemen in those days.

"A jockey would ride his mount in the morning and sometimes even cooled him off. So he knew his horse because he'd worked him. Now you have to lead a jockey to the horse he's going to ride, put him in the saddle, lead him to the post and take him off when he's through. All a jockey's interested in these days is

continued



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sleeping until noon and then going off to some nightclub after the race is over.

"They don't know anything about the other horses in the race. With these big fields, they ride their own race and, if everything goes just right, they win. I'm not talking about Arcaro and Shoemaker and good boys like that; I suppose they would have won races anytime. But it took more skill and judgment to beat a good four- or five-horse field like you had then because you had to study each horse in the race. That's what Winkfield evidently did in 1902. He was a professional."

When Winkfield went up on Early at Louisville in 1903 the only other man to have won two straight Kentucky Derbies was Isaac Murphy—and no one has won two in a row since. Jimmy was so sure he could win again that it cost him the race. He had the favorite for the first time, at 3 to 5, and he sent Early out like his name. But Winkfield grabbed the lead too soon, and as the six-horse field came into the stretch, Early began to tire, running wide. Judge Himes, at the second-longest odds in the race, 10 to 1, slipped through on the inside, fought Early down the stretch and won by three-quarters of a length going away.

"I lost my head," says Winkfield now. "I sure wanted to win that race. When that boy come to me at the 16th pole I could have fouled him a little; I was such a big favorite they'd never have disqualified me, not in that race. But I let him go, and he won."

Winkfield never again rode in the Derby, a fact that caused considerable speculation in later years. Few people, however, ever learned the real reason. Some felt it was because he couldn't make the weight anymore, but Winkfield laughs at this. Others said the white jockeys were beginning to gang up on the Negroes—and it is true that this had a great deal to do with their virtual disappearance from the American racing scene—but Winkfield says he was always treated well. Colonel Chinn, who calls Winkfield "the finest colored man I ever knew, with a heart as big as all outdoors," blames Jimmy's exodus on the legislation that made racing illegal for several years in some of the eastern states and

continued



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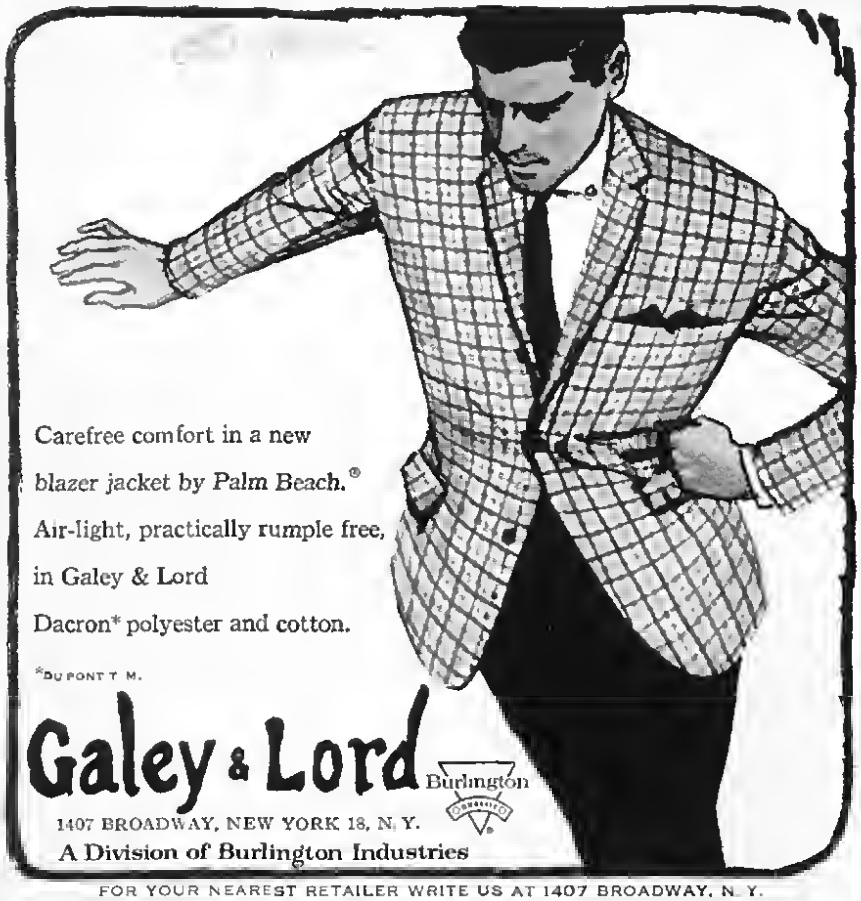
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moved the big meetings to places like Butte, Mont. and Salt Lake City and Hamilton, Ont. "Racing here was nothing," says Colonel Chinn. "A good boy was forced to leave the country if he wanted to ride."

Winkfield, however, says it was none of these. "I left," he says, with a chuckle, "because I got too smart for my pants."

He had agreed to ride The Minute Man for the wealthy breeder and owner, John E. Madden, in The Futurity at Sheepshead Bay that fall of 1903. This was a $60,000 race, richest in the country at the time, and the favorite was High Ball, owned by Bub May. But May had no jockey. "He come to me," says Winkfield, "and offered me $3,000 to ride his colt. 'I'm ridin' for Madden,' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'there's $3,000 here if you change your mind.'

"So I changed my mind. At the last minute I told Mr. Madden I'd got mixed up, that I'd already promised Bub May I'd ride for him. 'Course I didn't fool Madden a minute. But I rode High Ball, and we got left at the post and finished sixth. The Minute Man was third. After the race Mr. Madden he come up to me and said, 'Winkfield, I don't like to be doublecrossed. If you're not goin' to ride my horses, you're not goin' to ride for anybody.' So that winter when I got a chance to go to Russia I went."

Russia's most successful trainer during the years of 1902 and 1903 was, strangely enough, an American, J. O. Keene, for whose family the Keeneland race track was named. But late in the 1903 season both Jack Keene and his best jockey, a boy named Mitchell, were suspended after a doping investigation in Moscow, and Keene asked Winkfield to go to Russia and look after things until he could get back over there. So Jimmy headed for Europe in March. Since the Russian season didn't begin until April, Winkfield went first to a farm near Warsaw where the Keene string was in training. He couldn't find a soul who knew a word of English.

"They gave me a book so I could learn Polish," he says, "and I rode two winners on opening day at Warsaw. Keene

had about 50 horses in training there, and they were the best around. It was like riding for Calumet."

When Keene failed to show up—he didn't get back to Russia until 1909—an Armenian oil man named Michael Lazareff, who owned most of the horses, hired two trainers to replace him, one a Russian, the other a Pole. The best horses in the stable he sent to Moscow, the others to St. Petersburg.

"I went to Moscow," says Winkfield, "and won the Emperor's Purse that year, worth about 50,000 rubles, and finished second in the Moscow Derby. We really cleaned up. There were a few other good horses around, but they mostly belonged to small stables. Lazareff had a strategy: we was to hold back his horses in a race, winnin' by only a head or a neck and make the other jockeys use their mounts up, figurin' they still had a chance to win. After a few weeks of this Lazareff had the only fresh horses in Moscow. The rest was wore out.

"Czar Nicholas had a small stable, maybe eight or 10 horses. They weren't much good, but he had a system: when he won he kept only 25% of the purse and gave the rest to the second horse, so he won quite a few races. He never paid his jockeys nothin', though, maybe 4,000 rubles, so I never rode for him."

In 1909 Winkfield left Lazareff and went to Austria and Germany, where he rode for a Polish prince named Lobomorski and the German Baron von Oppenheim. He won the Grand Prix de Baden, worth 100,000 marks, and he won a small race one day that he'll never forget.

"The baron had this balky colt that looked like he could run if anybody ever got him goin'," says Winkfield, "and I kept after him to let me ride the horse. But I was gettin' pretty famous over there by then, and the baron said no, if I rode him the people would bet on me and lose their money 'cause that colt didn't have a chance. But finally he gave in. At the start the field was 15 lengths up the track before I could get this colt movin'. Then we get to the stretch, and I give him a cluck or two and off we go.

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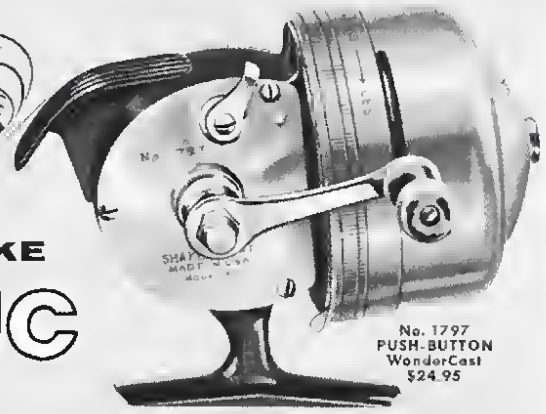
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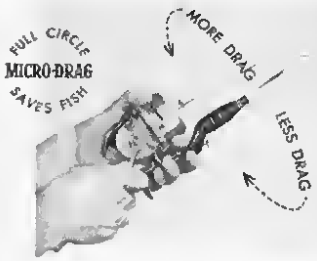
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Léon Mantacheff was an Armenian with even more oil wells than Lazareff, and he hired Winkfield to come back to Russia in 1913. He paid Jimmy 25,000 rubles a year plus 10% of all purses, an income which enabled Jimmy to live in a suite at the National Hotel with a valet and eat caviar for breakfast.

He says, "I was at the top of the tree."

He could eat anything, for he never weighed more than 104 pounds, and all a jockey had to make there was 114. There was an allowance for horses born in Russia, so Mantacheff, who could afford such practices, would send his mares to English studs and then bring them back to Russia to foal.

"We sure won a lot of races," Winkfield says. "I won 130 one year ridin' only three times a week. The season didn't open till May 14—I remember in 1917 they had to push snow off the tracks for a race, then push it back on so the ground didn't freeze overnight—and it would end early in October.

"Before the revolution, that was a good country. And I never had to pay no income tax."

The place was full of British and American jockeys, most of them boys who could no longer make the 105-pound limit, and those who could hold their vodka consumption down to a quart or so a day managed to do well. "None of them Russian jockeys was much good," says Winkfield. "The only one I remember doin' anything was a fella named Molotov."

When the revolution struck, Winkfield remembers that people were "like rabbits in the woods. They didn't know which way to go." But for some reason, the Communists didn't concern themselves immediately with the liquidation of race tracks. "Nobody bothered us so long as we stayed dirty and wore old clothes," Jimmy recalls. "But if we'd ever dressed up, they'd have figured we was aristocrats." So the Bolsheviks let the tracks run, but they stopped all betting on the races and as soon as the money was run off in the Jockey Club pool, there was

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no reason to race in Moscow any more. Since the Bolshevik violence had not yet erupted as far south as Odessa, which was something of a Hialeah of Czarist Russia, all the good Thoroughbreds were sent there, to run unharmed through the 1918 season.

But on the morning of April 4, 1919 the terror struck—and Winkfield fled. He could have escaped alone, but the racing colony was full of old friends, with their wives and children, and there was also the matter of 200 of the finest blooded horses in Europe. Winkfield was damned if he was going to leave them to be eaten like hot dogs by the Reds. So Jimmy and a Polish nobleman, a general named Dossievski, rounded up the horses and the people and set out for the Rumanian border.

Trouble joined them from the first. They were fired upon by villagers who mistook them for marauding Bolshevik troops. Others thought that they were gypsies and refused to give them food. "Once," says Winkfield, "we come upon this cow. But it was Lent, and no one would eat her. We drive her along for 20, 30 miles, trying to get her to Easter. We finally swapped her for a pig and ate him on Easter Sunday."

In Bucharest they put the women and children on a train for Warsaw and started off again. The feed wagons broke down and, without hay or grain, the horses had to live on green grass. They began to die. Some were eaten. By the time the little army struggled into Warsaw on June 29 there were only 150 horses left, and not one of them could have run around a house.

"There wasn't a one ever won another race," says Winkfield, "and I'll tell you why. Things were so bad that winter in Poland, they were all eaten up before spring."

Winkfield rode in a few races in Warsaw in 1920—he has no idea where those horses came from—and once rode before a U.S. visitor named Herbert Hoover, who made a little speech in the grandstand. That summer Léon Mantacheff, who had reached Paris safely, sent for Jimmy.

continued

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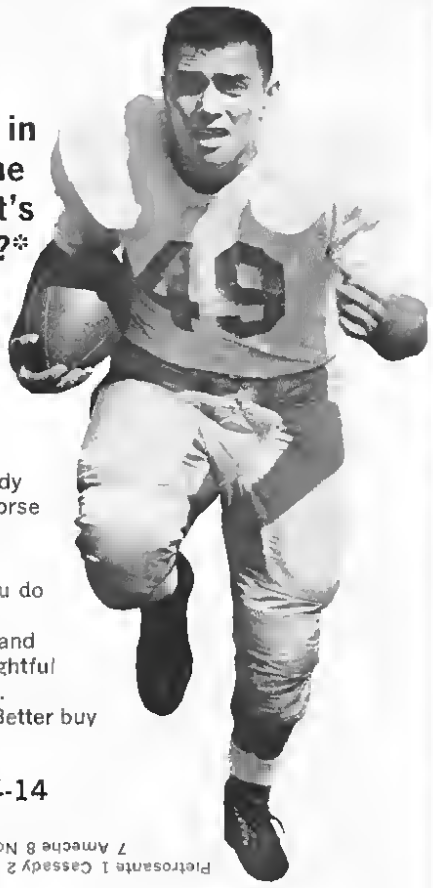
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J. WINKFIELD *continued*

"I had a lot of trouble at first in France," says Winkfield. "I was used to mile tracks, and around Paris they was all a mile and a half. The stretch went three-eighths. I always wanted to go out too soon. I was stubborn, I guess; I'd always rode that way, and I wasn't fixin' to change now. But one day I got left at the post; I figured I had no chance, so I relaxed and just let that horse gallop to the three-quarter pole. We were goin' a mile and a half, and by the time we got half a mile from the finish I was movin' up. You know, I almost won that race. Lost by a head, and after that everything was all right.

"I learned to stay back, let the other horses break the wind, then I would come on in the last eighth. I rode some good horses through the years there. There was one named Gaurisankar. I won the Prix Eugene Adam on him. But I guess the best of the lot was Bahadur. In the Prix du Président de la République one year I rode him against Lucien Lyne, who rode with me back in Kentucky when I was a kid. He was ridin' for King Alphonso of Spain on the best horse there, name Ruban, and I beat him. I never made anything like the money I made in Russia, but I saved some and in 1930, when I was 48, I rode my last race. I bought this place here at Maisons-Laffitte and went to trainin'."

Colonel Chinn remembers seeing Winkfield in Paris in those days. "I'd just sold 53 horses in Berlin," he says, "and was on my way back home. All the Americans in Paris went to the races, of course. They would lose their money and lay for Winkfield. They would hit him for a five spot for supper. I suppose he fed an average of 10 Americans a day over there. He was a man with a heart."

In 1922 Winkfield had married a Russian girl named Lydia de Minkiwitz, a member of the old aristocracy who had fled the revolution with her father, a famous engineer. Robert was born in 1923 and a daughter, Lillian, a year later. By 1939, handling Mantacheff's horses—and a few of his own, which he managed to acquire in place of unpaid feed bills—Winkfield was making a name for himself as a trainer. One of his jockeys, in gentlemen's races, was Aly Khan.

"He rode Gouyate for me more than 20 years ago," Winkfield remembers now. "He was pretty good, but he didn't last long. He liked to have a good time."

Then the Germans came.

"I was still an American citizen," Winkfield says, "so I went to the embassy and asked them what to do. 'Well,' they told me, 'we won't tell you to leave. But neither do we suggest that you stay.' We left."

The Winkfields remained in America until 1953, and in that time only Robert got back to France. He was drafted, put in the infantry and sent to Europe. One day in the late summer of '44, as the Allied Armies moved in on Paris, Robert realized his outfit was within six miles of Maisons-Laffitte. "I went to the captain," Robert says, "and told him that my home was close by, and would it be all right if I ran over there in a jeep. 'O.K.,' he said, 'just be careful. The Germans aren't completely cleaned out of that area yet.' So I drove right down the road and into town, and there were a lot of my old friends. I told them I had come to liberate Maisons-Laffitte. So we had a little wine to celebrate, and it was turnin' into a pretty good party when an old neighbor ran up. 'You'd better unliberate fast,' he said. 'There's a German tank comin' through the woods.' So I got out—and didn't get back until 1953."

During the war and in the years following, Jimmy Winkfield worked for Pete Bostwick and then for a number of other owners, but he also began to train once again for himself. He picked up a horse named Little Rocket for $100 off a Florida farm and won $10,000 with him around the Delaware and Ohio tracks. He saw an apprentice jockey named Bill Hartack who was trying to get some mounts and gave him a few rides at the three-quarter mile track in Charlestown. His place in Paris was rented, and he probably would have remained in America the rest of his life—Lillian had married a Cincinnati surgeon, Dr. Edmond C. Casey, and Jimmy was a grandfather now—except that he decided to take a quick trip to France and sell out. "When

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I got to Maisons-Laffitte," he says, "some owners I'd trained for before the war got after me to stay. And then my wife started in; she'd always wanted to go back. And first thing you know, here I was again. I called Robert to come over and help me, and we've been here ever since."

Winkfield has not had the success as a trainer that he had before the war, when he won France's biggest race, the Grand Prix de Paris, with Transvaal, but then he no longer has Mantacheff's horses. Still, the Winkfields do all right. They have a reputation for producing an occasional outstanding horse from their small stable, and the best at the moment is a splendid 5-year-old mare named Francillon. "She's the best handicap mare in France," says Robert. "She won the 3½-million-franc Prix de l'Élevage the last two years, first time a mare ever did that. She has such big handicaps now we may jump her this year. She was a jumper as a 3-year-old, but she had so much speed we changed her to the flats. I think she'll clean up as a steeplechaser."

"She's too good to jump," says Jimmy, shaking his head a bit sadly, "but you can't tell this Robert anything. All he wants to do is hurry, hurry. He's like Ben Jones."

•

Last December Jimmy Winkfield returned to America to die. "I had to have an operation," he said. "I could of had just as good an operation in Paris, but I knew I was goin' to die and I wanted to die back in Kentucky." Instead of dying, within two weeks of leaving the hospital Winkfield was bouncing around his daughter's home in Cincinnati, playing with his three granddaughters and eating pork chops for lunch. Now he thinks he'll go to the Kentucky Derby.

"When the leaves commence comin' on the trees I want to get back to Maisons-Laffitte," he says. "I want to be with the horses. But I guess I can put it off a little while. I never been back to the Derby since I last rode there in 1903.

"No, I don't plan to tell anyone I'm comin' to Kentucky. My goodness, they wouldn't remember me. Who can remember back 60 years?" **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN



UTILITY MEN Jerry Adair and John DeMerit were pleasant surprises. Orioles' Adair was hitting .333, Braves' DeMerit had first home run.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Two wins by wily Frank Lary (4–0), including his 24th against the Yankees, kept the **Detroit Tigers** at the top. The Yanks had first stopped Detroit's winning streak at eight (longest in 12 years), but newcomers Dick Brown and Jake Wood hit with power (seven RBIs in one game) to put the Tigers back in first place. Manager Bob Scheffing was especially pleased with his youngsters. "They won't rattle," he said. In one game against Detroit, **New York Yankee** Slugger Mickey Mantle tied the score batting left-handed, then won the game with a right-handed homer in the 10th inning. Next day Mantle put his team temporarily ahead of Cleveland with a 400-foot sacrifice fly, then won it with a 410-foot triple, then saved it with a sliding, lunging, one-handed catch. Camilo Pascual, the Cuban curve-baller, pitched the **Minnesota Twins** to victory in the AL's first Los Angeles game. Pascual, who also worked the Twins' home opener, was their lone bright spot in the Coast series as Twin pitchers threw five home-run balls, lost twice. Jerry Adair hit close to .400 for the **Baltimore Orioles**, and the shaky pitching staff got shutouts from Milt Pappas and Dick Hall. The **Boston Red Sox** got snappy performances from Dave Hillman (out most of last year with injuries) and Gene Conley (out most of this spring playing basketball). Said a Red Sox teammate: "Shows you how little spring training means, but still I'd hate to miss the beach." Early Wynn, Minnie Minoso and Cal McLish were too busy winning for the **Chicago White Sox** to worry about their ages (respectively 41, 38 and 35). Wynn registered his 286th victory, McLish scored the second win of a comeback season, and Minoso had seven RBIs. Johnny Temple hit in all 16 **Cleveland Indian** games, led the league with a torrid .429. New General Manager Gabe Paul promised to find help for the Indians' weak bench. Despite two losses to New York, ever-optimistic Jimmie Dykes said: "I haven't seen anybody better than us." A suddenly tough **Kansas City Athletics** lineup blasted out 42 runs and 46 hits, triggered by the hot bats of Marv Throneberry (two HRs) and Haywood Sullivan (.536). Rookie Norm Bass won his first big league start, aided by 20 runs, largest total ever scored by a KC team. Manager Mickey Vernon resorted to near-panic shuffling (with a completely new infield, catcher and one outfielder) as the **Washington Senators** lost four of five and slipped to ninth place. The punchless Senators have averaged 2.2 runs a game. The **Los Angeles Angels** brought AL baseball to the Coast before a disappointing crowd of only 11,931 and lost the opener, 4–2, to the Twins. The Angels won the next two on home runs as cozy Wrigley Field began to live up to its promise as a hitters' heaven.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Six days before his 30th birthday, Willie Mays of the **San Francisco Giants** joined one of baseball's elite clubs by hitting four home runs in a game against Milwaukee. Only eight others have done it—the last was Rocky Colavito in 1959. Mays knocked in eight runs with his homers off Lou Burdette (2), Seth Morehead and Don McMahon. Following a familiar pattern, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** edged into first place. Bill Mazeroski hit his first home run since last Oct. 13—the one against the Yankees—and Vernon Law had his first 1961 victory, thanks to a sparkling save by ElRoy Face. Frank Howard got a reprieve from a rumored trip to the minors when he hit two homers for the **Los Angeles Dodgers** and had six RBIs. Only Wally Moon (now on the road and away from the Coliseum's "Wall of China") has provided sustained power. The **Milwaukee Braves** completed the trip from last to first place (for a day) on the strength of Warren Spahn's second no-hitter, 290th win and 52nd shutout (*see page 24*). It took Spahn 15 years to throw his first no-hitter; the second came five starts later. **Chicago Cubs'** Head Coach Harry Craft decided to give overworked reliefer Don Elston (0.00 ERA) a day off. Result: the Cubs lost their first home game when other pitchers stumbled. Old roomies Red Schoendienst and Stan Musial of the **St. Louis Cardinals** had a mixed week. Schoendienst won a game with a pinch double, looked sprightly in the field; Stan was "rested" during the cold weather because of his weak hitting (.209), as the Cards won only once, slid to sixth place. The desperate **Cincinnati Reds** (eight straight losses) benched Vada Pinson (.188) for veteran Gus Bell, traded All-Star Ed Bailey for journeymen Don Blasingame and Bob Schmidt. Manager Fred Hutchinson even resorted to an old trick of losers: a surprise bed check. Art Mahaffey of the **Philadelphia Phillies**, in his first start since striking out 17 Cubs, struck out only three Cards, gave up four hits, won 3–2.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Clemente	352	Virdon	342	Groat	321	
SF	F. Alou	320	Bailey	300	Mays	.291	
LA	Moon	442	Neal	333	Howard	303	
Mil	Mathews	341	Aaron	333	McMillan	289	
Chi	Thomas	333	Zimmer	309	Santo	308	
StL	Cunningham	385	Javier	304	Spencer	265	
Cin	Kasko	356	Post	348	Coleman	.245	
Phil	Gonzalez	378	Amaro	308	Callison	.286	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Det	Kaline	340	Cash	308	Boros	300	
NY	Mantle	341	Kubek	292	Berra	276	
Minn	Battey	340	Versalles	313	Green	278	
Chi	Minoso	359	Fox	347	Landis	340	
Clev	Temple	447	Romano	318	Francona	305	
Bos	Runnels	333	Wertz	286	Geiger	273	
Balt	Brandt	444	Snyder	324	Gentile	318	
KC	Sullivan	407	Throneberry	300	Tuttle	262	
Wash	Tasby	292	Keough	288	O'Connell	277	
LA	Pearson	357	Kluszewski	313	Hunt	276	

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Spencer, StL (.265)	11	8	19
Moon, LA (.442)	12	6	18
Callison, Phil (.286)	9	8	17
Boyer, StL (.259)	13	4	17
McCovey, SF (.226)	10	7	17
Cunningham, StL (.385)	11	5	16
Clemente, Pitt (.352)	6	10	16
T. Davis, LA (.288)	8	8	16
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mantle, NY (.341)	13	10	23
Cash, Det (.308)	11	10	21
Francona, Clev (.305)	8	11	19
Minoso, Chi (.359)	6	11	17
Kaline, Det (.340)	10	7	17
Boros, Det (.300)	7	10	17
Throneberry, KC (.300)	8	9	17
Landis, Chi (.340)	10	6	16

Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Gibbon	2.25	Mizell	2.81	Friend	3.48	
SF	McCormick	1.96	Jones	2.48	Marichal	2.65	
LA	Podres	2.25	Drysdale	2.89	Craig	3.27	
Mil	Spahn	0.96	Burdette	4.95	Buhl	6.88	
Chi	Elston	0.00	Cardwell	2.57	Anderson	3.52	
StL	Sadecki	2.65	Simmons	3.00	Gibson	3.15	
Cin	Hunt	2.25	Purkey	2.52	O'Toole	3.12	
Phil	Mahaffey	0.69	Sullivan	1.69	Buzhardt	2.77	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Det	Lary	2.65	Mossi	2.84	Bunning	2.88	
NY	Ford	3.19	Ditmar	3.38	Turley	4.05	
Minn	Kralick	2.12	Pascual	2.63	Ramos	3.09	
Chi	Wynn	2.25	Shaw	2.77	McLish	3.15	
Clev	Perry	3.41	Grant	3.94	Antonelli	4.74	
Bos	Hillman	0.00	Monbouquette	2.57	Oeltock	3.18	
Balt	Wilhelm	1.29	Hall	1.35	Barber	1.96	
KC	Herbert	3.00	Daley	5.40	Walker	6.75	
Wash	Donovan	2.25	McClain	3.38	Daniels	4.24	
LA	Kline	2.25	McBride	2.84	Grba	4.29	

Boxed statistics through Saturday, April 29



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan, after a long silence, accused nine more players of being involved in the latest basketball scandal. Named were Frank Majewski, John Egan and Vincent Kempton of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia (*see page 20*); Peter Kelly and Glenn Cross of University of Connecticut; Edward Bowler of La Salle, Jerry Graves of Mississippi State, Richard Fisher and Edward Test of the University of Tennessee; Doug Moe of University of North Carolina.

BOXING—HAROLD JOHNSON, *in his first defense* of his light heavyweight title (NBA version), dropped fellow Philadelphian Von Clay once in the first round, three more times in the second for an automatic TKO, in Philadelphia.

BOWLING—DON CLAFFY of St. John's University of Brooklyn defeated Defending Champion Jim Nixon of Minnesota to win the National Intercollegiate match-game title in Chicago. Claffy rolled 586 to Nixon's 547.

GOLF—JAY HEBERT of Lafayette, La. defeated Ken Venturi with an eight-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff in the $40,000 Houston Classic. Both were tied with 276 after the regulation 72 holes and were tied again after an 18-hole playoff. Hebert won $7,000 for first, Venturi $3,600 for second.

BILL HYNDMAN III, 45, of Huntingdon Valley, Pa., beat Dick Chapman of Palm Beach, Fla., 4 and 3 in the final 36 holes of the North and South Amateur championship in Pinehurst, N.C.

ARNOLD PALMER made a typical come-from-behind finish to win the $30,000 Texas Open in San Antonio by one stroke over Al Balding. Palmer banged in an eagle on the 15th hole to wind up with 270 for 72 holes.

HARNESS RACING—SU MAC LAD ($3.40) easily scored his fifth straight victory of the year with a ¾-length win over Air Record in the $50,000 National Championship Trot at Yonkers. Tornese of Italy was third. The 7-year-old gelding, driven by Stanley Dancer, trotted the 1½ miles in 3:10⅘, two seconds off the track record.

HORSE RACING—SHERLUCK ($24.40), previously considered an outsider for this week's Kentucky Derby, opened up a quick lead in the $34,300 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland and romped home six lengths in front of Alberta Ranches' Flutterby (*see page 58*). Mr. Consistency was third, ¾-length farther back. Jacob Sher's 3-year-old, ridden by Braulio Baeza, was timed in 1:48⅘ for the 1⅛ miles. It was his first win in seven starts this year.

LIGHT TALK ($7.20) hung on to win the $5,000 Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs, a prep for Derby eligibles, by a neck over On His Metal. Dearborn was third, favorite Garwol last. The Jacnot Stahle winner, with Robert Nono up, ran the seven furlongs in 1:23⅘.

MAIL OROER ($10.80) held off fast-charging Conestoga to win the $86,800 Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct by a nose. Guided by Larry Adams, the Alamode Farm's black 5-year-old ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:50⅘.

SIMPLE SAMSON grabbed the lead at the last jump and ran home eight lengths in front of Full *Stop in the Maryland Hunt Cup* at Glyndon, Md. Ridden by Crompton Smith, Simple Samson covered the 22-jump, four-mile course in the slow time of 9:31⅘.

LACROSSE—NAVY overcame a 5–1 deficit to defeat University of Maryland 9–7 in overtime. JOHNS HOPKINS ran over Washington and Lee 17–2. ARMY won its fourth straight at West Point, defeated Hofstra 10–2. Unbeaten MOUNT WASHINGTON of Baltimore crushed Philadelphia 25–1. PRINCETON snuffed out Dartmouth 17–5, while YALE beat Cornell 5–2.

ROWING—CORNELL varsity heavyweight crew opened its season with a victory over Rutgers and Harvard, rowing the mile in 4:57.6 on Cayuga Inlet. PENN swept all its races as the varsity beat Princeton and Columbia to win the Childs Cup and the junior varsity and freshmen won. MIT, rowing two *miles in 9:37.4, defeated Yale by 2½ lengths, its first* victory over the Elis since 1950. BROWN covered the Henley distance of 1⅝ miles in 7:02 to beat Amherst and LaSalle. SYRACUSE defeated Dartmouth to take the Packard Cup for the fourth consecutive time. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA varsity beat Stanford by two lengths in the fast time of 5:44 over the Olympic 2,000-meter distance to remain undefeated, along with its junior varsity and freshman crews. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON varsity and freshman crews defeated Oregon State.

SHOOTING—BRUCE MEREDITH of West Virginia University, scoring 299 points out of a possible 300, outshot 1,375 other collegians to take the individual title at the National Intercollegiate Rifle championship in Washington. Meredith also teamed with Robert Davies, Charles Rowan and Robert Gosnell to give the team championship to West Virginia over 294 other schools. Arizona State University was second. RICHARD O'KEEFE of the Coast Guard fired 287 out of a possible 300 points to capture the individual title in the pistol championship. ARMY scored 1,120 out of 1,200 for the team title. Coast Guard was second, and Army's No. 2 team third.

TRACK AND FIELD—The MT. SAN ANTONIO RELAYS at Walnut, Calif. produced a cluster of fine performances. San Jose's Jamaican sprinter Dennis Johnson, often accused of a rolling start, came off the blocks to win the 100-yard dash in a wind-aided 9.2 (*see page 28*). In the high jump, Southern California's Bob Avant leaped seven feet to become the fourth American to reach this height. Southern Cal's *mile relay team of Bobby Staten, Dean Balzarett,* Kevin Hogan and Rex Cawley set a National Collegiate record of 3:07.6. Sophomore Cawley also beat Eddie Southern in the 400-meter high hurdles with a 50.26. Keith Thomason of the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village won the 440 in 46.1, fastest time of the year. Chuck Wilkinson of Redlands beat Southern California Striders' Larry Stuart by one inch with a javelin throw of 242 feet. Jim Beatty won the invitational mile in 4:04.9, and Bruce Kidd the Toronto schoolboy, the 5,000 meters in the good time of 14:46.8.

At the PENN RELAYS in Philadelphia, Villanova's Joe Manion, Nick DeAngelis, Bob Raemore and Paul Drayton raced to a 3:14.4 victory in the mile relay as favored Abilene Christian's Dennis Richardson sprained an ankle in a first-lap jamup. Earlier, Manion, Drayton and Raemore, aided by a brilliant burst by Olympic Sprinter Frank Budd, upset Abilene Christian with a smart 1:24.8 in the 880. Villanova added a third title, edging Dartmouth in the 480-yard shuttle hurdles in 1:00.8, while Rolando Cruz, Villanova's freshman from Puerto Rico, defeated Olympian Don Bragg in the invitational pole vault. Both reached 15 feet, but Cruz won with fewer misses. Individual meet records were set when Nick Kovalakides of Maryland threw the javelin 232 feet, and Australian import John Lawler of Abilene Christian ran the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 9:14.2.

At the DRAKE RELAYS in Des Moines, George Davies, Oklahoma State's sophomore pole vaulter, reached 15 feet 6 inches long after the last race, then missed by a whisper when he tried for a world record at 15 feet 10 inches. A fast-stepping quartet from Western Michigan, composed of Jerry Bashaw, Jerry Ashmore, John Bork and Dick Pond, turned in a four-mile relay time of 16:50.4 to break the existing American record and the National Collegiate record. Kansas' team of Kirk Hagan, Gordon Davis, Bill Thornton and Bill Dotson clipped a full three seconds off the meet record for the two-mile relay with an excellent 7:28.6. Texas Southern, with Homer Jones, Barney Allen, Charles Frazier and Lester Milburn, ticked a second off the meet's college-division 880 record in 1:24.4, won three other major relays. Tennessee State's Ralph Boston, no longer eligible for National Collegiate competition, won a special broad jump with a leap of 26 feet 1¼ inches.

MILEPOSTS—SOLD: COLUMBIA, 12-meter yacht that successfully defended the America's Cup in 1958 against *Sceptre* and a likely defender against Australia in 1962, by the Henry Sears syndicate, to Paul V. Shields of Southampton, N.Y.

ELECTED: WILLIAM R. REED, 45, as athletic commissioner of the Big Ten. Reed was assistant commissioner to Tug Wilson, who will retire July 1.

RESIGNED: GABE PAUL, 51, baseball executive, as general manager of Houston's NL franchise to become general manager of the Cleveland Indians.

DIED: ROBERT GARRETT, 85, investment banker, collector of Arabic manuscripts and member of the first U.S. Olympic team at the 1896 Games at Athens. Garrett won the shotput and discus, placed second in the broad jump and high jump to lead the U.S. to the unofficial team title.

DIED: TOM CONNOLLY, 90, American League umpire for more than 50 years, in Natick, Mass. A native of Manchester, England, Connolly was an AL umpire from the league's inception in 1901 until 1931 when he became umpire in chief, a post he held until his retirement in 1954.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Sightseeing in Buenos Aires — Photo by Francisco Vera

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FOREIGN EVENTS

In Great Britain through May

MAY 6

Association Football: F.A. Cup Final, Wembley.
Motor Sports: International Trophy Race, Silverstone, Northants.

MAY 10

Association Football: England vs. Mexico, Wembley.
Horse Racing: Newmarket Stakes, Newmarket, Suffolk.

MAY 11

Horse Show: Royal Windsor Show, Home Park, Windsor (to May 13).

MAY 12

Gliding: National Championships, Lasham Aerodrome, near Alton, Hants (to May 22).

MAY 13

Rugby Football: Rugby League Cup Final, Wembley.

MAY 20

Boating: Chester Regatta, River Dee, Chester.
Track and Field: Whitsun British Games, White City, London (to May 22).

MAY 25

Horse Show: Richmond Royal Horse Show, Richmond, Surrey.

MAY 27

Cricket: M.C.C. vs. Australians, Lord's, London.

MAY 29

Golf: Ladies British Open Amateur Championship, Carnoustie, Angus (to June 1).
Croquet: Inter-County Championships, Hurlingham, London.

MAY 30

Horse Racing: Rosebury Memorial Handicap, Epsom, Surrey.

MAY 31

Horse Racing: The Derby, Epsom, Surrey. **END**

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POINT OF FACT

A Kentucky Derby quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the $2 bettor and the racing expert

? *What stable has had the most Kentucky Derby winners?*

• Calumet Farm has had seven winners in the Kentucky Derby: Whirlaway (1941), Pensive (1944), Citation (1948), Ponder (1949), Hill Gail (1952), Iron Liege (1957) and Tim Tam (1958), all of which the stable bred. E. R. Bradley, who also raced under Idle Hour Stock Farm, comes next with four: Behave Yourself (1921), Bubbling Over (1926), Burgoo King (1932) and Brokers Tip (1933).

? *What state has produced the most Derby winners?*

• Kentucky, where 69 of the 86 winners were foaled. Tennessee is next with three.

? *Have apprentice jockeys ever won the Derby?*

• Yes, Ira Hanford on Bold Venture in 1936 and Bill Boland on Middleground in 1950 won as apprentices. Both horses were trained by Max Hirsch, and Bold Venture is the sire of Middleground.

? *Has any other country besides the U.S. produced a Derby winner?*

• Yes, England has produced two: Tomy Lee (1959) and Omar Khayyam (1917). Both were foaled in England. Tomy Lee was brought to this country as a weanling and Omar Khayyam as a yearling. Two other winners, Cavalcade (1934), Pensive (1944), are sons of mares who were bred to stallions in England but foaled in this country.

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? *How many gray horses have won the Derby?*

• Only one, Determine in 1954. Bay horses have won 40 times, chestnuts 28, browns 13 and blacks 4.

? *The Kentucky Derby is the most famous race in this country. Does the winner usually go on to be the best 3-year-old of the year?*

• No. Since 1950 only two winners of the Kentucky Derby have been chosen as top 3-year-old of the year. These were Needles in 1956 and Tim Tam in 1958. Of the other horses named best 3-year-old, four were second in the Derby, one fourth, one 11th, and three did not run in the classic.

? *What is the greatest number of horses that have started in a Derby?*

• Twenty-two in the 1928 Derby, which was won by Reigh Count.

? *What trainers have had the most winners in the Derby?*

• Ben A. Jones, who tops the list with six winners. His first was Lawrin in 1938, and then he joined forces with Calumet Farm and trained Whirlaway, Pensive, Citation, Ponder and Hill Gail for them. Calumet's last two winners, Iron Liege and Tim Tam, were trained by Ben Jones's son Jimmy. H. J. Thompson is second with four winners, all owned by E. R. Bradley. They were Behave Yourself, Bubbling Over, Burgoo King and Brokers Tip. James Fitzsimmons and Max Hirsch have both had three winners.

? *What jockeys have won the most Derbies?*

• Eddie Arcaro has won five Derbies. His mounts were Lawrin (1938), Whirlaway (1941), Hoop Jr. (1945), Citation (1948) and Hill Gail (1952). Isaac Murphy and Earle Sande have had three winners.

? *Have the conditions of the Derby always been the same as they are now?*

• No. Today the Derby is for 3-year-olds at a mile and a quarter, all carrying 126 pounds, except fillies who get a five-pound allowance. The race has been for 3-year-olds since the beginning in 1875, but it was run at a mile and a half until 1895 when it was reduced to a mile and a quarter.

? *How many odds-on favorites have won?*

• Out of the 27 runnings that there have been odds-on favorites, 15 have won, eight have been second and the rest finished out of the money.

? *What was the fastest time that the Derby has been run in? The slowest?*

• The horses that have run the fastest in the Derby are Spokane (1889) who went the mile and a half in 2:34½ and Whirlaway

continued

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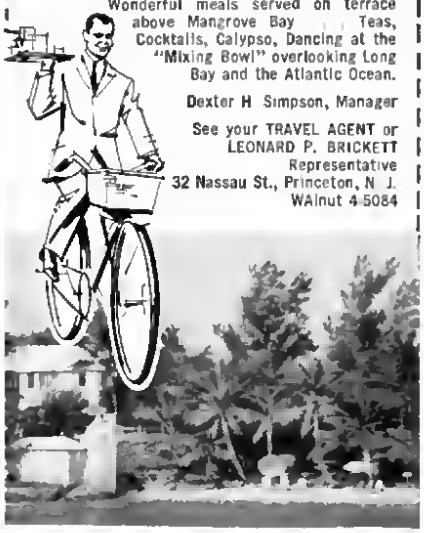
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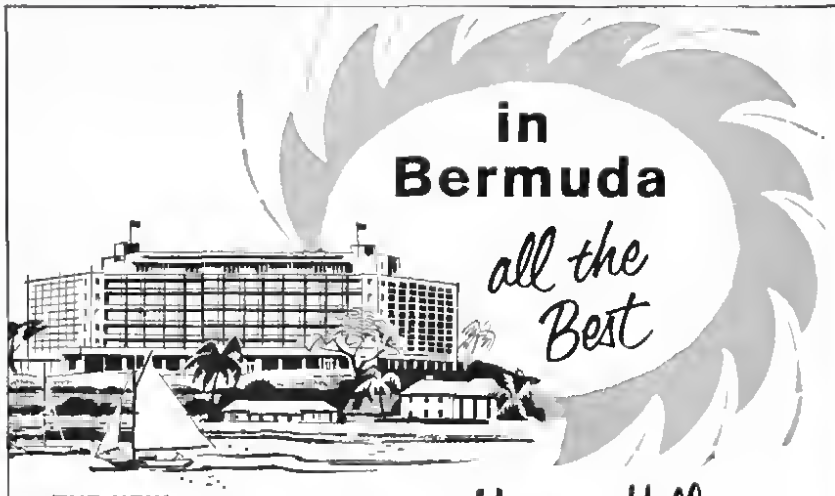
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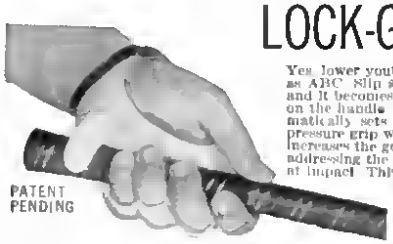
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(1941) who went a mile and a quarter in 2:01 2/5 The slowest times have been set by Kingman (1891), 2:52 1/4 for a mile and a half, and Stone Street (1908) who made 2:15 1/5 for a mile and a quarter.

? *Has any Derby winner produced both a son and a grandson who also became Derby winners?*

• Yes, two. Reigh Count (1928) sired Count Fleet (1943) who in turn sired Count Turf (1951). Pensive (1944) sired Ponder (1949) who in turn sired Needles (1956).

? *Have any jockeys won the Derby twice in a row?*

• Yes, two. Isaac Murphy won on Riley in 1890 and Kingman in 1891. Jimmy Winkfield won on His Eminence in 1901 and Alan-a-Dale in 1902.

? *What is the highest payoff in the mutuels in the Derby? The lowest?*

• Donerail (1913) paid $184.90 on a $2 win ticket, Citation (coupled with Coaltown) and Count Fleet each paid $2.80 when they won. These are the smallest winning prices since pari-mutuel betting was official at Churchill Downs in 1908. Before that Hindoo (1881), Halma (1895) and Agile (1905) each paid 1 to 3 to win.

? *What Derby winner has sired the most Derby winners?*

• Bold Venture (1936), who sired two winners: Assault who won in 1946 and Middleground who won in 1950. They both were owned by King Ranch.

? *What jockey has ridden in the most Derbies?*

• Eddie Arcaro. His ride on First Landing, which finished third in 1959, marked his 20th appearance in the Derby.

? *What was the largest amount wagered on the Derby?*

• $1,677,178 was wagered on the Derby in 1955, a record that still stands. The $4,280,287 that was bet on the day's card that year was topped in 1956 when the crowd wagered $4,360,232 on the nine races, but they bet only $1,666,550 on the Derby.

? *How many favorites have won the Derby?*

• Thirty-nine post-time favorites, or 45.8%, have won the race. Of the other favorites, 21 ran second, six were third and the rest unplaced.

—BETTINA BLACKFORD

YESTERDAY

The 18 Strikeouts of Bob Feller

Hank Greenberg was expected to top a home run record that day, but it became a pitcher's game

by MAURY ALLEN

The sky was overcast, with temperatures in the 40s. A stiff wind blew across Lake Erie, sending dust swirling in tiny circles around Cleveland's mammoth Municipal Stadium. It was the last day of the major league baseball season (October 2, 1938), and a topcoat crowd of 27,000 was in the stands.

What brought the fans out for a double-header on that raw autumnal Sunday was not so much the third-place Cleveland Indians playing the fourth-place Detroit Tigers as watching First Baseman Hank Greenberg of the Tigers. Greenberg had 58 home runs and needed only two more to tie the record of 60, set 11 years earlier by Babe Ruth. He had failed to hit a home run in his previous three games, and the double-header was the last chance for the 6-foot-4, 215-pound slugger from The Bronx.

"The game scheduled for Saturday at League Park," Greenberg said recently, "was canceled to make the Sunday double-header at the stadium. The deep stretches of the stadium were always tough for a right-handed hitter like me," he said.

Cleveland's starting pitcher for the first game was Bob Feller, the young man with the high kick and the hard fast ball. Only two years away from his home on a Van Meter, Iowa farm, Feller stood to win his 18th of the season and was determined "to make Greenberg earn any home runs he hit off me."

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See page E4

Bob Feller *continued*

Detroit's pitcher was Harry Eisenstat, a left-hander from Brooklyn, who began his career with the Dodgers. Eisenstat, a curve-baller with fine control, had an 8-6 record as he started the game for the Tigers.

Feller retired the Tigers easily in the first inning, striking out Second Baseman Benny McCoy and getting Pete Fox and Roy Cullenbine on routine plays.

"You've got it today," Cleveland Catcher Frank Pytlak told Feller between innings. Feller's curve broke sharply, and Pytlak, a good curve-ball catcher, was calling for it often. Eisenstat retired the Indians in order in the first inning, and the stage was set for Greenberg as he led off the second inning.

"It was dark, and I had trouble following the ball," Greenberg said. "Feller's curve was jumping wickedly and with that and his fast ball, he was murder."

Every swing counted

Greenberg dug in tenaciously against Feller. He had to make every swing count. Feller got two quick strikes on him, then threw a fast curve. Greenberg swung hard, missed, and the Cleveland crowd roared. Feller ended the inning with a flourish, striking out Chet Laabs and Tony Piet.

Cleveland couldn't get a hit off Eisenstat, and Detroit couldn't get a fair ball off Feller in the third. In the fourth, after Fox struck out, Cullenbine singled and Greenberg came to bat for the second time.

The shadow of the grandstand fell halfway between the pitcher's box and home plate. Feller was throwing from light into gloom. Many of the Detroit hitters later claimed this helped Feller. "Nonsense," says Bob, "I have been clobbered on days like this."

Greenberg swung hard in this half-light and went down swinging for the second time. "He was really firing the ball," Greenberg recalls. "It felt like an aspirin tablet in my hand," says Feller.

After Greenberg, Feller struck out Laabs for the second time. Bob now had 10 strikeouts in four innings. The record was 17, held jointly by Feller and Dizzy Dean of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Mark Christman and Eisenstat struck

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

out in the fifth for Feller's 11th and 12th victims. The Indians still hadn't a hit off Eisenstat, Greenberg still hadn't a home run, and Feller was stealing the stage with his strikeouts.

Cullenbine started the sixth with a hard single. Greenberg, his chance fleeting, moved to the batter's box for his third try. After a strike Hank caught a fast ball and drove it on a line to left center field. "I knew when it left the bat," he said later, "it didn't have enough carry to clear the wall." The crowd howled as the ball struck the wall near the 380-foot mark.

"I was going to keep running and try for an inside-the-park homer," Greenberg remembers. But instead of bouncing at an angle and giving Greenberg a chance to run, the ball hit the wall evenly and bounced straight back into Center Fielder Roy Weatherly's hands. Greenberg stopped at second and looked forlornly toward center field.

Birdie Tebbetts followed with a double for two runs and a 2-0 Detroit lead. Feller settled down, striking out Laabs for the third time (No. 13) and Christman (No. 14) to end the inning.

The Detroit seventh began with Eisenstat (still protecting his no-hitter) becoming Feller's 15th strikeout. But McCoy and Fox rolled out to end the inning. Feller needed three more strikeouts for the record, and he carried a weary arm into the eighth inning.

"I was pointing the ball," Feller says now, "instead of throwing it."

The Cleveland pitcher walked Cullenbine and Greenberg in the eighth. Tebbetts sacrificed, but Laabs obliged by striking out for the fourth time (No. 16 for Feller). Piet walked, and Christman hit a curve for a single and two runs, after Feller had two strikes on him.

Bob then committed the cardinal sin for pitchers: he walked the opposing pitcher. McCoy followed with a line drive, which was caught to end the inning. Feller's chances for the record appeared slim.

In the bottom of the eighth Frank Pytlak hit a slow curve for a single. It was the first hit off Eisenstat.

Now the drama focused on Feller, alone, as he stood on the mound in the top of the ninth in the dark, cold, cavernous stadium.

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"I felt strained and tired," Feller recalls. "I wouldn't have bet much on my chances."

Fox struck out on three pitches to start the last inning as Feller bore down. This tied his own mark; he needed just one more. Cullenbine, who hadn't struck out once, singled to right. The crowd groaned. Greenberg, hanging grimly to his fading hopes, hit a long fly to center field. Weatherly was able to back up and catch it. Greenberg was out, but Feller needed another strikeout. The next batter was Tebbetts. The Detroit catcher hadn't struck out and was two for two against Feller. Tebbetts walked on four balls.

"I didn't walk him intentionally," said Feller later with a grin, "but I knew Laabs was coming up next."

Feller vs. Laabs

Laabs had struck out four times against Feller's fast ball. He was almost desperate with shame as he studied the pitcher. Feller threw a fast ball, good for a strike. Then a ball, and then a curve was good for strike two.

With Cullenbine on second and Tebbetts on first, Feller disregarded the runners and went into his pumping motion. He kicked high and fired a hard fast ball. It was on the inside corner of the plate, and Umpire Cal Hubbard looked for an instant, jerked his right hand to the sky and boomed, "Three!"

Laabs turned to the umpire, shrugged and jogged out to his position.

Bob Feller had a new strikeout record that lasted 21 years until Sandy Koufax of the Los Angeles Dodgers tied it on August 31, 1959.

Greenberg, now a vice-president with the Chicago White Sox, failed in the second game of the double-header to hit a home run and was stopped at 5ft.

"If it were a clearer day, it might have been different," says Greenberg, but Feller disagrees. "It was just one of those days when everything I did went right," he says.

As for Eisenstat, he is not sad at losing his no-hitter. "As long as Bob Feller's around, people will always remember this game and remember me. After all," he says, "I won." END



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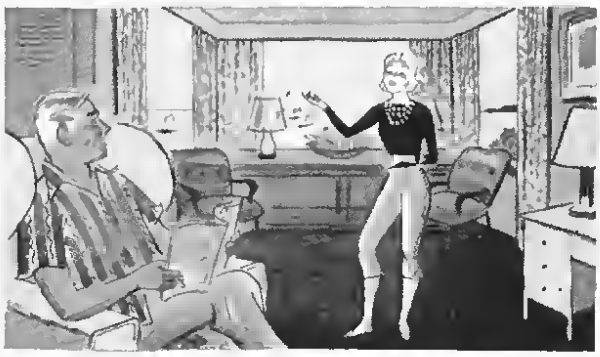
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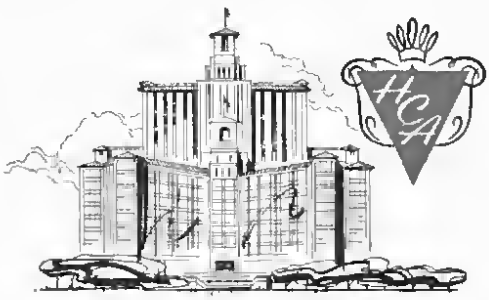


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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WOMBSTERS

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Before I read Robert Boyle's clinical report on hot rods (*The Car Cult from Rumpsville*, April 24) I told myself the pleasure which I derived from building, tuning and driving our roadster had something to do with creativity or, perhaps, expression of individuality. Now I see the folly of my rationalization. Mr. Boyle has shown me that when I drive that erotic roadster I'm really returning to the womb. Many thanks for setting me straight.

ARNOLD SHUMAN

Sharon, Mass.

Sirs:

Your cover story represents a very welcome recognition of hot rodding as the major sport it has come to be.

JAMES R. WYLIE

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Sirs:

As a club of true hot rodders we Road Gents have been trying to change public opinion about hot rodding through courtesy and assistance on the road. Your article has done us a great deal of justice and is deeply appreciated.

GEORGE STONE

Brooklyn

Sirs:

During the past winter a basketball player named Frank Burgess of Gonzaga led all the NCAA colleges in scoring, yet SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried nothing about him (except a brief listing buried in BASKETBALL'S WEEK, April 3).

When the current issue, by contrast, devotes 16 pages to glamorizing a movement and a bunch of morons whose set of values belongs with the zombies, I begin to wonder about your own set of values.

You have done some fine things—why ruin your effectiveness with such disgusting articles as this one?

GEORGE I. WERNER

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● Senator Goldwater, who also is an amateur jet pilot, claims his interest in gadgets is not incompatible with the conservative philosophy. "The conservatives," says the junior Senator from Arizona, "apply proved values of the past to make the best possible use of the most modern devices in the development of man."—ED.

PRIMARY PITCHER

Sirs:

Your article on Opening Day (*A Change after 60 Years*, April 24) has raised a question in my mind. Who was the first U. S. President to open a baseball season, and what was the date?

JACK MORRISON

Timonium, Md.

● William Howard Taft in 1910 (*see left*).—ED.

PLANE SAILING

Sirs:

Heartiest congratulations on your excellent series on planing boats and the 5-0-5s (*A New Dimension in Sailing*, April 3 and 24). I particularly enjoyed O'Day's righting technique. Especially since I have "been there" quite a few times myself.

Having sailed for some 20 years in many classes, I find the 5-0-5 by far the most thrilling. As you have stated, an occasional capsize is inevitable, but the 5-0-5 is one of the very few boats designed to be self-rescuing.

E. LOGAN GOAR

Houston

LEMON AID

Sirs:

If any Minnesota Twins fans are "spurring *Bob* Lemon . . . to outdistance Ruth" (SCORECARD, April 24) then they certainly are misguided rooters. It had better be *Jim* Lemon hitting the homers if the team is to make the first division.

HERBERT A. GRIES JR.

Wailuku, Hawaii

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PAT ON THE BACK



JERRY FLORA

High schooling

The ruggedest classroom in the world is probably that presided over by Dr. Jerry Flora, associate professor of zoology at Western Washington College. Like many of his predecessors, Dr. Flora, shown here hanging on the ropes in Coleman Glacier, teaches his pupils high on the slopes of Washington's 10,750-foot Mt. Baker.

For more than 40 years, nature students and professors at Western Washington have done their lab work on the mountain from early spring until autumn storms drive them off. The high-altitude field trips have now become so popular that the college offers a special six-week summer course in the science of mountaineering.

"A mountain lends incomparable drama to the search for facts," says Flora. It also, like the oldtime geography book, provides a fine cover for an occasional goof-off. "Somehow," says the prof, "it's always on the steepest slope that our keen young scientist has to stop and photograph a rare glacier lily."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

zines have as high or higher per-copy readership among males over 18 years old.

Scoreboard:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED circulation: 950,000 copies
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED male readers over 18: 1,048,900
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED teen-age male readers: 367,700

I got a laugh, despite myself, the other day when a friend of mine at an agency told me that a competitor of ours had just been in and had derisively said, "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED? Oh, that's just read by a bunch of teen-age millionaires."

Maybe the guy was right. Mary Tweedy, who handles school and college promotion for all Time Inc. magazines, recently sent me a nice letter she had received from Mr. Richard T. Flood, Assistant Headmaster of the rather swank Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, Mass., saying in part, "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was chosen the favorite magazine by two graduating classes within the past five years."

Being of a competitive nature, I have asked Mary to write Mr. Flood and ask him what magazine the seniors chose the three years they didn't choose SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. While waiting for the answer, however, here's the SI Scoreboard again:

Circulation	**950,000**
Male readers 18 and over	**1,048,900**
Male readers of teen-age	**367,700**



Enough about teen-agers. Did you know that this publication has 332,500 dog readers? Those of you in the dog food business, please explain to the others that I don't mean dogs like Peg, the Italian poodle that you read about in our April 24th issue. Just regular, hungry dogs. *Farm Journal*, incidentally, beats that figure by a considerable margin, but ours is darn good for a non-farm magazine.

* *

As our magazine comes up in the world, I hear this comment more and more frequently, "I like your book and I think your readership is on the beam for our product. But I'm a little bit stymied on what kind of copy to run in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Do we have to do special ads? For example, we don't know very much about sports . . . "

If I'm in good voice, I can take a fascinating 30 minutes to answer that question. However, I see there are only a few lines left, so I'll spare you the peroration. Instead, simply look at the ads in this very issue of SI—see for yourself. Other advertisers, by and large, are

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

running the same copy and art as they are in other selective magazines.

And then another thought may occur to you. A lot of these ads, among them some of the winningest and best campaigns, look like they'd been written for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the first place.

This was expressed in a talk I told you about almost a year ago, in which the creative director of one of the world's biggest agencies said:

> "Over half the great magazine campaigns running in the U.S. belong in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED because they are based on the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED concept.
>
> "Every age has its idealized hero in its idealized situation. Every generation has its concept of how the bulk of America would like to be and live and do . . . If you go back through some old magazines, you'll see more dinner jackets, mink capes, and chauffeurs standing discreetly by the town car than you can imagine.
>
> "Today the most universal popular image is the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader—the energetic, busy, well-to-do, red-blooded American male, and female who read your magazine. The normalized '60's dream of almost every American is to be like the people who read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and every copywriter and art director instinctively feels it. And ads which **show them** should be run to **reach them . . .**"

As a matter of fact, even editorially (and promotionally) our friendly rivals are exhibiting the sincerest form of flattery toward SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Sportswear and backyard barbecues all over the place. More sports covers on *The New Yorker* (and good ones) and even *Cue*. We're not getting all the best sports stories and sports photographs, though we never stop trying to.

And you don't have to look too closely to see ad campaigns that started in SI spreading out to the other selective magazines, and in some cases, the mass magazines.

So if you're wondering what to wear to this clambake, I can only, and warmly, send you the invitation that people like to receive most of all—"Come as you are!"

Pete Calloway

Advertising Director



Things to do while the bartender's busy



Admire yourself in the backbar mirror. Carefully adjust necktie.
★ Think seriously about whether you will order whisky or whiskey.
Spend 30 seconds choosing between popcorn, peanuts and pretzels.
★ Ask yourself why whisky from Canada or Scotland is spelled without the e.
Look over your wife's shopping list. If lost, prepare an excuse.
★ Converse with your neighbor. Tell him Canadian and Scotch are lighter.
Plan to ask the boss for a raise. If self-employed, light a cigar.
★ Decide to stay with the Canadian that's the lightest whisky in the world.
Consider flowers for wife. Check wallet to determine affordability.
★ In proud, ringing tones, order Canadian Club—"The Best In The House."
Listen appreciatively as bartender confirms your worldly wisdom.

CANADIAN CLUB IS 6 YEARS OLD, 90 4 PROOF. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA
BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC, DETROIT, MICH BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY



Strike—Prize catch for any man's wardrobe. Extra-soft gluv leather, foam rubber cushioned insole, lightweight outer sole give this shoe exceptional flexibility. Also comes in Bone or Chutney. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

9.99 Other styles 9.99 to 11.99. Pedwin Jrs for boys 8.99 and 9.99. All higher Denver West and Canada.

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